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Diary of the Week.

One of the chief objections to secret diplomacy is that it is never secret. There are always partial and inaccurate versions of events which obtain currency and reach the newspapers and the Parliamentary lobbies with a sort of Foreign Office imprimatur. Throughout the crisis of July we were all led to believe that Germany had ignored a British request for explanations, and had left an urgent despatch unanswered, some said for ten days and others for three weeks. Mr. George's City speech was represented as the reply to this affront, and as a resolute effort to force the German Government to declare itself. Now, unless Herr Kiderlen-Wächter has seriously and deliberately falsified the facts, this whole story, so solemnly told, so often repeated, is, from beginning to end, a mischievous invention. There was published in Berlin on Tuesday a long extract from the speech which the German Foreign Minister made to the Reichstag's Budget Committee in secret session on the previous Friday. If it stands uncontradicted it convicts Sir Edward Grey of indulging in something like wanton provocation, and using the Chancellor to drive it home.

THE German version of events begins by citing the circular note which explained the despatch of the "Panther" to Agadir. The situation arising from the Fez expedition had rendered the Act of Algegiras

"illusory." It was necessary, for the time being, to protect the interests of German firms in South Morocco, and probably France would be unable to return to the status quo of 1906. Germany is ready to look for a "final understanding," and thinks direct negotiation easy in view of her "existing good relations" with France. This circular was dated June 30th, and direct conversations followed with France. No inquiry was made by the British Government either in London or Berlin.

It was not till July 21st that an interview took place between Sir Edward Grey and the German Ambassador. Sir Edward Grey said, in view of the impossible demands for compensation put forward by Germany, the negotiations with France might easily break down. The question would then arise, from a British standpoint-What was Germany doing at Agadir, a closed harbor, suited for the construction of a war port? If no agreement were reached with France, British interests would be involved "in a high degree." Count Metternich replied that there was not the slightest intention to injure British interests. Britain had been compensated for French acquisitions in Morocco by Egypt, while Germany had obtained nothing. Sir Edward Grey seemed to have one measure for France and another for Germany.

The gravity of this conversation lay in Sir Edward Grey's assumption, in spite of the note of June 30th, that Germany wished to establish herself permanently at Agadir. It was on the very day of this conversation, that is, on the day when first our discontent was intimated to the German Government, that Mr. Lloyd George made his menacing speech in the City. Had he waited for the reply from Berlin the speech could not have been made. The reply was despatched "immediately," and contained the most explicit assurances that the whole idea of a settlement or the establishment of a naval port at Agadir was an "hallucination," but France must either observe the Algeçiras Treaty or compensate Germany elsewhere.

There followed some evidently hot recriminations over Mr. Lloyd George's speech, which Germany described as calculated to lead to an outbreak, while Sir E. Grey defended it as moderate. The substance of the German statement amounts to this: (1) that there was no delay in answering the British inquiry; (2) that the inquiry was accompanied before an answer could have been received, even by telegram, with a public threat; (3) that the assurance that Germany did not mean to keep Agadir was conveyed implicitly on June 30th, and might have been obtained explicitly at any moment. Did Sir Edward Grey's diplomacy mean that he was prepared to threaten Germany with war in order to beat down the price which France would have to pay in the Congo basin for the acquisition of Morocco?

MEANWHILE, we rejoice to see that the National Liberal Federation has given direct marching orders to the Government. The feature of the meeting at Bath—

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after a well-deserved tribute to Mr. Asquith's leadership was a powerful and enthusiastic demonstration in favor of an understanding with Germany. "Peace," said Mr. Spender, describing the scene, was the spirit of the meeting, both as "a message to Germany," and "an instruction to the Cabinet and Parliament." Three episodes of great interest gave point to this intention. The first was a very warm reference by Sir John Brunner to the notorious influence exercised by the Kaiser in the preservation of peace. Sir John called for a formal vote of thanks to the Kaiser, which was given by the whole audience shouting "Aye." The second was the vehement assent given to a delegate's remark: "We do not want any treaties that will draw us into Continental trouble. We do not want to have to go to war over a few miles of African desert."

The third episode was a passage in a speech by Sir John Simon, one of the ablest members of the Government, whom we hope one day to see transferred from the Law Office to Cabinet rank. Sir John Simon said, amid "tremendous cheering":—

"We rejoice that we should have so firm and good an understanding with our neighbors the French; but the fact that we are friends of the French does not mean that we are enemies of anybody. The democracy of this country does not ask for and will not tolerate such a distortion of our relations with one Power as would go to involve us in an unfriendly view of another. Let us here send to the democracy of Germany this message that, representing, as we believe we do, the faith of vast masses of our countrymen, we cannot tolerate the idea that there should be ill-feeling between us and them. The fellow-countrymen of Shakespeare and Milton cannot look askance at the fellow-countrymen of Goethe and Schiller. Those who feel running in their blood the traditions of Wyclif and Wesley can hardly want to quarrel with the followers of Luther. great industrial community, with its proud recollections of great names like Newton and Darwin, cannot be so ignorantly foolish as to misunderstand the modern community which excels every other community in the development of modern science.'

Meanwhile, we are glad to see that the Government is not asking for a vote of confidence on foreign policy. It simply proposes to ask the House to "consider" it. This, in view of all the circumstances of the debate, is an entirely proper decision.

South Somerset has been lost to the Liberal Party, Mr. Herbert, the Tory candidate, having turned a Liberal majority of 467 votes into a Conservative majority of 148. This election is the one contest in which there is some ground for supposing that the plan of enlarging on, and even adding to, the burdens of the Insurance Bill, while concealing all its benefits, has succeeded. At Kilmarnock it was conspicuously defeated. A second Conservative success has been achieved in the Hitchin Division, where the Tory majority has been increased from 1,291 to 1,633.

Meanwhile the Bill has passed Committee in the House of Commons, and its passage is secure save for the vague suggestion that the House of Lords may discuss it at length, and adjourn it, if that course is possible, to the following year. The main point of attack has been conducted in the columns of the "Daily Mail" against the insurance of servants. The movement, which has not been joined by the Conservative leaders in the Commons, seems to be mainly in the hands of Conservative ladies, who object to soil their lips with "stamp-licking," and their minds with petty accounts.

But there is no reason to suppose that their servants either sympathise with it or understand it. The Chancellor answered its main point in a vigorous speech on Tuesday, in which he pointed out that the Government and employers were together contributing £2,000,000 to the fund, and promised a useful amendment, which has been advocated in The NATION, permitting an option between the present benefits of the Bill and an invalidity insurance, coupled with an earlier old age pension. This will be a great relief to the middle-aged servant, and the single "slavey." These, and not the inmates of large and rich households, are the hardest driven members of their class, and it is to them that the Bill specially appeals. We think that the yearly premium of 13s. is still too heavy a deduction from their wage. On this point, as well as on the rather cumbrous and unhandy scheme of collection, we shall hope to have a reform later on. The hostile Conservative amendment making servants' insurance optional was rejected by a majority of 146.

The prospects of Woman Suffrage have been further advanced by the Prime Minister's answers to the deputation of Suffrage Societies which waited on him on Friday week. The matter was brought to a head by Mr. Asquith's reply to three questions by Mrs. Fawcett, which was as follows:—

"I am asked is it the intention of the Government that the Bill should go through all its stages in 1912. Certainly; it is our intention. We hope to carry it through that year. I am asked if the Bill will be drafted in such a way as to admit of any amendments introducing women on other terms than men. Certainly. I am asked will the Government regard such an amendment as an integral part of the Bill, and defend it in all its further stages. Certainly."

MR. A WITH was equally clear as to the substance of the amendments to be introduced into the Bill. These may be either the Conciliation Bill, or what is known as the Dickinson Bill, or a proposal for adult suffrage. All these forms of the suffrage will be open to a free vote, and the one of them adopted will at once be regarded as an integral part of the Bill, and defended against all opponents. This, in view of the Prime Minister's personal view, is a very handsome concession. Moreover, the matter is not to be left even to the uninfluenced vote of the House of Commons. Mr. Lloyd George has definitely promised to urge with all his force the second of these courses, which will of course involve the enfranchisement of married women, and he is to appear as the leader of the fight for this wide and dramatic addition to the suffrage. This most promising situation has been accepted by the National Union of Societies for Women Suffrage, the largest and most experienced of the women's organisations.

On the other hand, the Women's Social and Political Union, completely disregarding the advice of their wisest counsellors, have chosen to regard this advantage as worthless, on the ground that a private amendment to a Government Suffrage Bill could not be carried. The history of the extension of the suffrage is of course full of examples to the contrary, for the whole question has largely been moulded by private action and amendment. Pursuing their view, the Union organised on Tuesday a fresh attempt to force a disorderly deputation upon the Government and the House of Commons by an attack from Parliament Square. The attempt failed, and over two hundred women were arrested, either in the Square

or as the result of a campaign of indiscriminate windowsmashing, directed impartially to Government buildings, clubs, shops, and newspaper offices. The scenes on both sides were less bitter than those of last year, but we cannot even pretend to discover what object is served by them, save the possible defeat of one of the suffrage amendments. Mrs. Pethick Lawrence has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for striking a constable. We imagine there will also be civil actions for damage which in one case amounted to £150—and possibly a charge of conspiracy.

THE House of Commons has unanimously taken an important step towards the settlement of the railway quarrel. On the motion of Mr. Lloyd George, it accepted a resolution declaring that a meeting ought to take place between the representatives of the parties to the Agreement of last August, to discuss "the best mode of giving effect to the Report of the Royal Commission," asking the Government to use its offices to bring them together. This motion was substituted for a Labor resolution, moved by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, censuring the companies for their refusal to meet the men, and declaring their action to be contrary to the public The Labor motion was only defeated by a majority of 59, while the general sense of the House, Liberal and Conservative, was clearly expressed against the uncompromising attitude of directors who take their line from Lord Claud Hamilton and Sir Frederick Banbury.

AFTER four years of lethargy, the Foreign Office is at last endeavoring seriously to open the ports of a Free Trade country to more of the sugar which Russia-one of our greatest sources of supply-can give us. Questioned by Mr. Lough on Tuesday, Sir Edward Grey stated that the Government would cease to be parties to the Sugar Convention after September, 1913, unless Russia was allowed to export at least five hundred thousand tons of sugar during the current season. It does not appear certain whether five hundred thousand tons represent Russia's fullest possible export, or whether the International Committee, which is dominated by the foreign sugar producers, will not claim as a condition of the larger export that Russia shall be forced to remain in the Convention. In any case we hope that Sir Edward Grey will stand for Russia's complete freedom as a sugarexporting Power. The Convention was a Protectionist device of Mr. Chamberlain to make sugar dear, and to keep it dear (it costs more to-day than at any time during the last eighteen years), and a Government put into power as the trustees of Free Trade should long ago have broken away from it.

There has been this week no decisive event in China. Yuan-Shih-Kai assumes more and more the position of a dictator, and it is believed that attempts are being planned to murder him. He has set himself against the National Assembly's proposal for summoning a convention from the provinces to decide the issue between Monarchy and Republic. For this and other reasons the Assembly is beginning to regard him with distrust, and to ask whether he remembers that he holds his office by its selection. He is said to be assembling a formidable army in the North to re-conquer the South, but some of it is quite old-fashioned in its discipline, or is led by generals without modern training. In the South, meanwhile, the rebels are strong enough outside Hankow and Nanking—the only cities held by the Im-

perialists—to gather forces unmolested for their recapture. Some vessels of the fleet are now actively helping the rebels on the Yangtze. The most anxious feature of the situation is the apparent absence of cohesion among the Republicans. Eleven of the fourteen revolted provinces have sent delegates to a convention at Shanghai, but the central military government at Wuchang appears to represent another faction, and perhaps a divergent policy.

THE Russian Government, after the despatch of its ultimatum, set promptly to work to assemble its forces for the occupation of Northern Persia, and the advance guard has already reached Enzeli, the Persian Caspian port. Meanwhile the Persian Government, forming itself with difficulty after the resignation of the late Cabinet, appealed to the good offices of Great Britain. It might have reminded us of our pledge, formally given when the Convention was signed, that both Powers would respect the independence of Persia, and would prevent each other from interfering in her affairs. The result has been only partially satisfactory. We have required the Persian Government to withdraw its gendarmes from the house of Shua-es-Sultaneh, a Persian subject, and they have been replaced by Cossacks. It will also apologise to Russia, though clearly it is in the right. In return for this humiliation, the Persians were given to understand that the Russian force will now be withdrawn. A Russian note states that Russian action will be proportionate to Persian resistance, but that the integrity of Persia will not be violated. This means, presumably, that there will be no actual annexation. It is uncertain whether Russia will insist, as she threatened to do, on the dismissal of Mr. Shuster. If the Russian force remains at Enzeli, or advances beyond it, the intention to disregard the wishes of this country will be very clearly advertised.

An outspoken speech on the late Anglo-German crisis by Captain Faber, M.P., has attracted a good deal of attention, though it is demonstrably full of inaccuracies. The decision to "stick to France" he ascribed to Mr. George and Mr. Churchill; the fleet, "when the pinch came," was in three sections, widely separated, and no one knew where the Germans were. Each section, he implied, might have been defeated separately. The unpreparedness of the Navy resulted in Mr. Churchill's transfer to the Admiralty, but the Army was better prepared, and was ready to send six divisions to help "our ally, France." Clearly there is here some confusion of dates, for Mr. Churchill's nomination came after the whole crisis was over. The real division of opinion turned, we believe, on the priority to be given to naval over military action. In the September crisis, to which he seems to be referring, the First Division and First Cruiser Squadron were at Cromarty, and, though short of their full complement, had a power, measured in the weight of projectiles from a broadside, of 75,500 lbs. against the 70,364 lbs. of the entire German High Seas Fleet. The Second Division, a few hours' sail away at Queensferry, had a broadside of 49,160 lbs. Lord Charles Beresford has also published his pessimism, which turns on the more sober and, we believe, accurate fact that during the September crisis the East Coast Fleets were alarmingly short of steam

WE are informed that Mr. Spenser Wilkinson is not the author of the articles in the "Morning Post" on European policy to which we referred last week.

Politics and Affairs.

WANTED, AN AMBASSADOR OF PEACE.

WE hope that the country and the Liberal Party will not regard next Monday's debate as a full acquittal of the Government's pledge to enlighten them on the conduct of foreign affairs. It is something on account, but in the nature of things it can be nothing more. Consider the conditions of the discussion. It takes place without a previous publication of papers. Among the many encroachments on national rights of which the Foreign Office is the author, the withholding of printed information from Parliament is not the least serious. The long period of our continually growing estrangement from Germany is unmarked by any precise rendering of its chief causes and episodes. It is no exaggeration to say that only in a single sentence of a single speech of Sir Edward Grey-that in which he marked his conversion to the policy of the balance of power-has the country been given a definite clue to the spirit and method of our foreign policy. On Monday, therefore, members of Parliament-barely instructed by the newspapers as to the critical events of the last few months and years-will have to rely in the main on the oral gospel transmitted them by the Veiled Prophet of our diplomacy. They will also have a view of the concealed clauses of the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904, which have been forced into the light by the action, not of an English Parliament, but of a French newspaper. For the rest, the Foreign Office will disclose as much as it pleases, in the way that pleases it. It will speak to an unprepared audience, containing hardly one expert on foreign policy outside the two Front Benches. The limitations of such a discussion are obvious, and only some such machinery as a Foreign Affairs Committee provides for nearly every great Parliament but our own could abolish them.

But there is another disadvantage of equal seriousness. The country is in a state of unusual disquietude as to its foreign policy. The uneasiness is multiform. Both parties are anxious about Germany, and we are glad to believe that an article of the "Standard," which might well have appeared in THE NATION, represents a strong Conservative protest against the hardening of the French Entente into an anti-German alliance. Liberals and Labor men are equally concerned with our share in the swiftly approaching destruction of Persian nationality, with our attitude to the cynicism and gross misconduct of the Italian expedition, with the failure of our diplomacy in the Congo, and with the later developments of the Anglo-Indian understanding with Russia. How can any survey of foreign policy of which these grave themes are the subject be completed in a single day? Such questions represent the arrears of years; and a serious and continuous week's debate would only touch their fringe. The result of this difficulty as to time is obvious. Monday's debate can raise one issue, and one only, the threatened and imminent breach of the world's peace which took place in the course of a dispute in which Great Britain had no interest for herself and an undisclosed interest as a virtual ally of France. The question of questions for the British Parliament is—What is the nature of the engagements on which arose the peremptory and unfriendly intervention disclosed in the interview of July 21st between Sir Edward Grey and Count Metternich, and accentuated in Mr. Lloyd George's speech? Until it is answered the fate of Persia must wait.

One further point of procedure. The Morocco debate being, in its turn, one of great complexity, it would have been unfair for the Government to ask for a vote of the House on Sir Edward Grey's statement. We rejoice, therefore, to see that they have only proposed to call for the "consideration" of their foreign policy. It is the whole method and aim of the Foreign Office in European and extra-European affairs which is in Even on the Morocco question it will be question. impossible to test in a few hours' hasty conversation the value and meaning of a speech which will no doubt be delivered with the Foreign Secretary's accustomed skill. On both aspects of the controversy, the Government must remember that Liberal opinion is free. Not only has it never been formally consulted, but the tradition of a separation between party politics and the conduct of foreign affairs has lately been pushed to lengths to which even Lord Rosebery, its first Liberal patentee, never carried it. The party knows nothing of the unavowed engagements which lie behind the French Entente. What it does fear is that a cardinal Liberal doctrine in foreign affairs-namely, the support of national life and spirit in Europe and elsewhere-is no longer reckoned as an element in a course of action whose avowed pivot is the distribution of power between two great military and naval combinations. To ask the Liberal Party to approve at sight any such employment of the moral and material force of England would have been to ask it to pass a vote of censure on itself. It would have implied the use of force on a singularly loyal party, and would have constrained Parliament at a moment when it needs ample time for calm consideration on a sufficient basis of fact.

We come now to the substance of the controversy over Morocco. And if it be pleaded that we remain on the terms of the early understanding with France, let us ask how comes it that we have intervened in this affair with the insistence of an ally? The only avowed military ally of France is Russia, whose long relations with the Republic are, of course, fixed by military conventions. But what part has Russia played in France's Moroccan adventure? From first to last she has shown a complete désintéressement. While we, the unattached friend, have, in France's interest been pressing Germany to the brink of war, she, the fixed ally, has been occupied with the overthrow of Persian liberties. How can this reversal, not only of traditional British policy, but of the ordinary rules governing the association of great States, be explained on any other theory than that our understanding with France has long assumed the character of an alliance, in which, so far as our interpretation of it is concerned, no limit can be assigned to the sacrifices our rulers are prepared to accept in its behalf? We cannot accuse the Foreign Office of the Quixotry of doing all that Sir Edward Grey was prepared to do for a mere European acquaintance. Our intervention in Morocco would have been a mere impertinence unless we assume, as Germany assumed, that under the agreement of 1904 the bonds uniting the two countries were of the closest character.

Assuming, therefore, that the tie with France was, in practice, if not in form, an alliance, is the Liberal Party to make the further concession that this country was bound, under the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904, to support our ally with the British army and fleet in acquiring "a second France," a vast North African Empire, in Morocco? We cannot think so, and that for three reasons. In the first place the Agreement was largely superseded by the Treaty of Algeçiras. In the second place, we were bound only to "diplomatic" support of France; and, in the third place, the second article of the Anglo-French agreement declared that France had "no intention of altering the political status of Morocco," then an independent State. As the proposition shaped itself to Germany last summer, all these conditions had been altered. The Treaty of Algeçiras had been torn to pieces. The independence of Morocco had disappeared, and in its place a full French Protectorate had virtually been established. German official account of the interview between her Ambassador in London and Sir Edward Grey is correct, it is confessed that this country was ready not only to enforce such a settlement, but even to compel Germany to cut down the terms of her "compensation" on the West African Coast, where no British interest existed. In other words, we, having got Egypt from France, which was not hers to give, gave her Morocco, which again did not belong to us, holding off Germany by words which implied a final resort to armed force, and in fact involved the closest possible approach to the use of it.

As to such a policy, the country has, we think, every reason to complain of its aims, its substance, its methods, and its morals. We must, of course, hold in suspense our judgment of the special phase of it disclosed in the German Ambassador's account of his momentous interview with Sir Edward Grey on July 21st. But if Sir Edward confirms it, we are at a loss to understand how he can have been permitted to use such language towards a friendly Power, and we shall be very slow to conclude that he had the assent of a Liberal Cabinet. We analyse this account elsewhere, and we hope that a most searching interrogation will be administered in the House of Commons. There appears in it no suggestion of a German slight to our diplomacy; rather it conveys an express denial of German delay in answering any specific British inquiry. The interview took place on July 21st. On June 30th the German Government sent us a moderate statement of its reasons for going to Agadir, with a special reference to its desire for a settlement with France, and a reference to the interests of other Powers. It is not stated that our Government made any inquiry in the interval, nor does Sir Edward Grey suggest that they did. Where, then, did the supposed ignoring of the British nation come in? It is denied with equal strength that Germany ever entertained the notion of making Agadir a port, naval or other. This suggestion appears in Sir Edward Grey's conversation, and he had a right to make it if he had information to that effect, for the despatch of the "Panther" was neither a wise nor a timely proceeding. But it is coupled with the confusing hint that the ground of our intervention was that the German demand for compensation outside Morocco was unacceptable to France, and that if no agreement was reached we must intervene in the general question of Morocco, with special reference to Agadir. We must point out, as we pointed out last week, that the statement of the German claims immediately published in the "Times," the only regular organ of the Foreign Office existing in this country, revealed nothing very extortionate, and not much which France did not ultimately accept. But Sir Edward Grey seemed resolved to put Germany in the wrong. "Either," he said in effect to Count Metternich, "you want to make Agadir a naval station, or you are doing something in the hinterland, or you are asking too much of France." This is the language not of men who avoid quarrels, but of those who seek them by multiplying the causes of offence. Some more pacific aspect of our diplomacy there must be. In the Metternich interview we only see it appearing spurred and booted for the fray and vanishing again, until we approach the imminent and deadly confrontation of August and September.

Now we are convinced that if at any time this year the Liberal Party in Parliament had been asked if it was prepared to risk a war with Germany in order to enable France to make herself mistress of Morocco by a series of well-contrived breaches of her engagements to Europe, it would have answered with an emphatic "No!" Where did our interest come in? Sir Edward Grey referred to it in his interview with Count Metternich, but refrained from specifying it. Did it lie in securing the open door for our commerce? In that respect the action of Germany in the territory which was the subject of the intervention of July 21st has been as friendly to this country as that of France has been unfriendly. "Germany has put £5,000 in my pocket," said a British trader in Morocco the other day, and the French system of closed monopolies in West Africa has abstracted many times that amount from British enterprise. Why is one measure to be applied to German designs and another to those of France? On the one hand we witness and abet the acquisition of a vast territory by military and diplomatic action of the most aggressive type. On the other, we roughly call a great Empire to task because one German vessel casts anchor in an obscure African port, to which not a single European Power has any territorial right or pretension.

The Liberal Party is bound to witness such transactions and such attitudes as these with an especially jealous eye. Its first and dominant view of foreign policy is that the greatest of British interests is peace, and it has also been trained to hate the brutalities and inhumanities of war. It does not hold that the method of over-sea commerce to which this nation is devoted either requires us to take territory by force, or to assist any European nation in taking it. It holds,

from all its great leaders and teachers, that nationalities, black, yellow, and white, rights, and that the law of justice and fair - dealing applies not only to individuals but to the relations of one country with another. It is utterly scornful of the false history and false economics which would drive us into an "inevitable" war with Germany or any other rival community of traders. With what consternation, therefore, must such a party learn that a Government whose services to internal reform they so much appreciate, has been led by one of its departments along a road on which every one of these historic landmarks of Liberal foreign policy has been ignored? War with a great European people over a mean, obscure, unscrupulous shifting of territory and exchange of "concessions" in North and West Africa! There is no mood or temper of Liberalism, or of the democratic party which so largely springs from its heart and brain, which could reconcile it to such a catastrophe, or pardon the statesman responsible for it.

We must therefore await with grave concern the speech in which these transactions will be defended. There is, we know, a strong section of the Cabinet which will call for a moderate and safe exposition of British policy, and we have no reason to think that, in form at least, any offence will be given by so habitually temperate a speaker as Sir Edward Grey. But if we would go to the substance of our relationship with Germany, we cannot forget the recurring provocations of recent years. She has been to blame; but how does our account stand? The other day a British Minister felt obliged to assure the German Admiralty that its statements of fact were accepted by us as true. But three years earlier the policy of Mr. Churchill's department was avowedly framed on a public statement by the Prime Minister and the First Lord clearly implying that those official declarations were false, and concealed designs unfriendly to this country. Within a few hours of Mr. Churchill's démenti, Sir Edward Grey, while denying that the British Ambassador at Vienna had authorised the publication of an injurious and embittered account of German policy, left open the far more damaging charge that, in substance, the Cartwright interview was true. If it is a fact that Sir Fairfax Cartwright is an inveterate anti-German official, and that other British Embassies have been similarly inspired, it seems to us that a balanced and intelligent direction of the Foreign Office ought at least to secure us against notorious bias at the Court of a close ally of the German Empire. It is not that the Anglo-German situation is hopeless. Each member of the Anglo-French firm has delivered its share of other people's goods; and a fresh account may now be opened. We have good reason for stating that German opinion is not at all likely to repel a fair approach on this side, and that an Anglo-German understanding might even at this hour be made to include an arrangement on naval armaments. But if we desire such a peace, we must also ensue it, and there are two such ways of approach. The first is a revision of our European engagements, where they have been pressed too hard and too far. The second is a change in the spirit of our foreign policy, charged as it is to-day with a load of jealousy and suspicion, and not infrequently poisoned with false news. Such a revision is over-due from this country; and if our Government is now sincerely anxious for peace, a useful and accredited form might be found in the dispatch to Berlin of a statesman of special distinction and authority. Such a man would be the present Ambassador to the United States; or even more suitably, Lord Morley, at once the most eminent of Gladstonian statesmen and the most famous of living English men of letters. Lord Morley would, we are sure, wish for no finer crown to his career than the settlement of peace between the two great kindred peoples of Europe; and we believe that both British parties would hail his work as the end of an intolerable and insane entanglement.

CHINA IN TRANSFORMATION.

To the rapid traveller the Chinese remain the very type of the inscrutable Oriental, a race so strange and incalculable that they seem to belong to some distinct and peculiar genus. To the European who has learned their tongue and spent his twenty years among them they end by seeming the normal human type and, in contrast with it, it is we who are the eccentrics and the freaks. It is odd, when one thinks of those contrasted attitudes, that the revolution which is shattering the Empire at the end of a cable half the earth's circumference long, should seem as we read of it so little peculiar, so remarkably like the movements with which we are familiar. The race struggle beneath it, the conflict of the centralising tendency with local patriotism, the omnipotence of the trained soldiery, the usual rivalry of the opportunist and the idealist, the clash of Parliament with Court, amid which the experienced bureaucrat emerges as dictator—one could parallel each phase from the recent history of Russia, with here an analogy from Young Turkey and there a reminiscence of the American Civil War. Perhaps the brevity of the costly telegrams which report what may prove to be the most momentous event of our generation somewhat aids our comprehension. We read the play only in its skeletonised "argument." The scenery and the dialogue, the local color and the distant idiom, are all omitted, and we form our notions of the action from a set of abstract terms which inevitably emphasise the identity and hide the unlikeness.

For the moment it is in the person of Yuan-Shih-Kai that we have all agreed to dramatise the struggle. It is probable that, as a personal factor, he is less important than in the telegrams he seems to be. We do not picture him to ourselves as a man of clear ideas, or iron will, or magnetic leadership. His significance is rather that he is the sort of man who is apt to be found on the winning side. He does not belong to the new generation, which has really assimilated Western culture. He represents rather the earlier phase, in which the shrewder type of Chinaman makes friends with the mammon of barbarian unrighteousness, buys its cannon (with a fat commission), protects its subjects (for a secret subsidy), plays into the hands of its diplomatists, and generally warms itself on the steps of the Temple of the Rising Sun. His origin

and advancement belong to the inner secrets of the most corrupt of all Oriental Courts. He betrayed the reforming Emperor; yet, while he assisted the Dowager Empress in her coup d'état, he was shrewd enough not to compromise himself in her Boxer fanaticism. To him all enthusiasms are dangerous, and he frustrated in turn the extravagancies of reform and reaction. To such a man we should imagine that the hot debate between Monarchists and Republicans means what the conventional literary essay means to the aspiring Mandarin who writes it. It is a preliminary to place and power. We can well believe him when he tells us that he is prepared to back the theory of constitutional monarchy. We daresay he can argue his thesis at choice with the learning of either hemisphere, from Confucian texts or from Western kistory. But we have our own suspicion that the central fact for him is that the Emperor is a boy of five years, while he is a man of over fifty. For the best part of his allotted span the difference between Monarchy and Republic will be a difference of names. The real point for him is the personality of the Regent. Could he but depose the present discredited Royal Prince, who was his enemy, and is to-day a suitor for his grace and his protection, he would be in fact the ruler of China, and need not trouble to interrupt the genuflections of a minor before the Altar of Heaven. Indeed, to such a man, the continuance of the ancient rites, with all the sanctimonious loyalism that is based on superstition, has its positive advantages. The ardent Cantonese, the young scholars from Japan, the exiles and students who have returned from Europe and the States, are to-day uncomfortably prominent. But the wise statesman knows that the little peasants who grow tea on their holdings in the Yangtse Valley, the homely farmers of the Yellow Plain, the heads of clans, and the old-world grandfathers buried in their cult of ancestors and lucky days are far from being revolutionaries. He has told the "Times" that only three Chinese in ten are with the innovators. We can well believe him, for only one Chinaman in ten can read. A boy-Emperor who can be made to apologise for his Ministers' mistakes will be useful in preserving the loyalty of the Conservative masses.

If this were the whole of Yuan-Shih-Kai's problem, he might solve it with comparative ease. But he is faced not merely with a conflict of ideas. revealed itself the always latent antagonism of South and North-an antagonism of temperament and physical type, a conflict between Conservatism and a relatively progressive habit of mind, as well as divergence of interests based on geography. The South, to the extent of some fourteen provinces, has declared its independence. Whatever may happen in Peking, whether Yuan makes terms with the Assembly or defies it, whether he destroys the Court or uses it, the South, we imagine, will go its own way. It is richer, better-educated, more mobile in mind than the North. It was less completely subjected by the Manchus. It was always less closely allied to them in mind and physical type. It speaks a vernacular which the Northerner can barely understand. It knows that it could at need create from a mere fragment of the vast Empire a Commonwealth large enough and presperous enough to become, with a generation of good government, the dominant Power in the East. In the game of civil diplomacy it is the South which can afford to be uncompromising and reckless. If it adheres to its ideal of a Federal Republic which knows neither Emperor nor Manchu, the North can take its choice. If the North retains its Monarchy, it loses its richest provinces. If it throws over the Monarchy, it must come into the compromise on terms acceptable to the South. One can imagine the hesitations which must afflict an astute personage like the Premier Yuan, when he finds himself confronted by such a choice as this. Himself a Southerner, can he wish to lose the difficult but valuable South? With the more martial North under his control, can he acquiesce in a secession without a civil war? If he elects to fight, can he escape bankruptcy and European intervention? If he sanctions the secession, how still shall he face the liabilities of the whole Empire towards Europe? His easier course, one would suppose, would be to rally to the Republic and unite the whole Empire under its banner. But would the South, with its revolutionary idealogues at its head, consent to entrust its destinies to a man who cares no more for the Republican tradition than he cares for the pure doctrine of the old-world monarchy?

When the revolution first broke out, we said that the European commentator who respected himself would be content with asking questions. Some weeks of an excited and turbulent history have brought new questions, but as yet the answers are obscure. The events in themselves are still, we think, insignificant and indecisive. There have been horrifying massacres, but in China a massacre is generally felt to be a rather beneficent social event. The country suffers from overpopulation, and its richest and happiest provinces are those in which some really wholesale slaughter has mitigated among the survivors the struggle for existence. Massacres are in China what the plague was in Medieval Europe. They raise the remuneration of labor a few stages above the starvation limit. On the whole, the only guess which we are disposed to hazard is that which we made some weeks ago. The conundrum will in the end be solved by the fortune of war, and the issue between North and South, Manchus and Chinese, Monarchy and Republic, will be settled by an incompetent campaign between the half-trained Europeanised armies of the two combatants. not be a national struggle, for disdainful anti-military traditions of the Chinese race, dominated for centuries by spectacled intellectuals proud of their bent backs and extravagant finger-nails, have rendered the real participation of the masses in such a struggle utterly impossible. A brilliant general on one side or the other, the accidents of an undeveloped railway system, the ability of either side to hire the loyalty of drilled troops-these are the factors which will decide the momentary issue. The event, however, will make no clean solution. If the Monarchy should win, it will only be by discarding the old paraphernalia of reaction. If the Republic survives, it must be rather as a military despotism of the Young Turkish type than as a democratic commonwealth. In either event the provinces are almost certain to gain a degree of independence which will render the character and form of the central government a matter of secondary importance. The real and vital fact will be rather the impetus to social change which comes of any upheaval so complete as this, than the political or dynastic transformation. The question of questions in the end turns on the effect of all the inevitable changes upon the density of an already teeming population. If the women of China remain in subjection, and the clan system survives, while medicine and hygiene check the appalling and unparalleled infant mortality, the Chinese must become a colonising or a conquering race. If the women achieve freedom and the clan breaks up, the present population may not be greatly increased, and the development of the Chinese race will be local and intensive. These are world-problems of the The fighting round Hankow and the palace intrigues in Peking may graduate the pace of changes which, in the long run, must alter all the destinies of the East and perhaps of mankind. The personality of Yuan-Shih-Kai may deflect for some years the course of these changes. It cannot divert their direction or greatly modify their impetus.

THE STORY OF A FRONTIER EXPEDITION.

THE Abors are a tribe of Mongolian type, living far up in the north-easternmost corner of India, the debatable highlands which may be Assam, Upper Burma, Tibet, or China, according to opinion; for the frontiers have never been settled. They treat their neighbors much as the Albanians treat the Macedonian peasants. From their hill-villages, composed of raised wooden huts, under which live their pigs, their tame bisons, and their Chow dogs, they descend from time to time and plunder their weaker neighbors. What concerns Englishmen in Assam is timber and tea; and we extend our saw-mills and our tea-gardens nearer and nearer to the highlands. The Abors have found a new source of revenue in levying blackmail from the contractors who cut timber. They also receive from our Government "posa," or annual allowances. We have various treaties with them, but they have never definitely engaged not to hold intercourse with foreigners. policy towards them has been one of non-interference, except in case of outrage or serious disturbance. Their country is recognised as dangerous. The part with which we are at present concerned was never penetrated by a British officer till February, 1909.

On March 14th, 1911 (see White Paper, 1911, Cd. 5,961), Mr. Noel Williamson, Assistant Political Officer at our most advanced post, Sadiya, started on a journey into the country, at the invitation of "certain headmen." He was a zealous and popular official. He had recently obtained valuable information of the doings of the Chinese; he went to inquire into the extent of Tibetan influence. He was accompanied by forty-three persons, mostly Nepali coolies, and a friend, Dr. Gregorson. On March 30th, at a village where he had been hospitably received, the party was suddenly surrounded by a crowd of Abors, and all, with the exception of five coolies, were killed.

Two facts are to be noted here. The first is that Mr. Williamson had been warned of his danger. The last news sent back by his party was a letter from one of the coolies, stating that he had heard that the Kebong Abors objected to the party proceeding farther. added that the Sahib insisted on going on, and that his impression was that they would never return. Williamson had been previously warned that if he attempted to repeat his Kebong trip he would be killed. The second point is more important still. Mr. Williamson went against orders. His instructions were to tour between the "Inner Line," which represents the limit of ordinary administration, and the "Outer Line," which represents the limit of our political control. And apart from special instructions, general rules were laid down in May, 1900, and reiterated in January, 1904, to the effect that, where such tours are likely to involve complications with the tribesmen which may render a punitive expedition necessary, the tour is not to be sanctioned without the previous approval of the Government of India; and these rules are "well known to all frontier officers in this province." Nevertheless, Mr. Williamson travelled beyond the Outer Line, i.e., beyond the limits of our political control; and the Government of India, "while considering it undesirable to record a formal expression of disapproval of the late officer's proceedings," has directed steps to be taken immediately to ensure the enforcement of the Standing Orders in future. Meanwhile, what was to be done?

The facts were uncertain in the extreme. Even the village where the murder took place was not definitely One survivor says that the murderers were "about 1,500 Abors;" another that they were "not less than 1,000 Abors." Still more uncertain is the question of responsibility. "An Abor named Roglung" says that the Abors held a council to decide on the murder. The authorities state that a "group of villages known as Kebong," in conjunction with four others whose names are also given, "are responsible for the massacre"; "it appears that all the Pasi-Meyong Abors are concerned in it"; "all the villages in the vicinity of Kebong on both banks of the Dihong took part in the affair "; " a large section of the Abors was concerned in it." In view of the official opinion as to this collective responsibility, it may be interesting to quote the statement of a "Times" correspondent that "the whole tribe is of an extremely independent and democratic nature. Each village is a little republic in itself, and makes its own laws by the vote of the majority."

However, on April 22nd, a punitive expedition is proposed. Its object must be "not only to avenge the massacre of Mr. Williamson, Dr. Gregorson, and their followers, but to prove to the Abors that they cannot oppose the British power and kill our subjects with impunity." "It must be remembered that the Abors are a treacherous race of savages, with an inordinate idea of their own power and importance." But these reasons are not enough. We appear as champions of the Miri, a weaker tribe oppressed by the Abors. Further, it seems a convenient opportunity "to survey and explore the tribal area, as far as possible, in order to obtain knowledge requisite for the determination of a suitable

boundary between India and China in the locality." Behind all this looms "the unusual political activity displayed by China in recent years along our border, the claims which she has advanced to suzerainty over Nepal and Bhutan, her effective occupation of Tibet, and the dispatch of a force to Rima, in the immediate vicinity of the Mishmi country. . . . During the past few months there have been further developments in this policy of expansion which it is impossible to ignore." There is to be one column consisting of a battalion of infantry with Maxim guns, one section of Indian field ambulance, one company of sappers and miners, and two gun detachments with two seven-pounder muzzle-loading 150 lb. mountain guns; another, consisting of four companies of Assam Military Police; and a third of the same strength and constitution. Nor is this all. friendly political mission, with an escort of 150 Military Police, is to be sent to the Mishmis, to prevent them combining with the Abors, and to obtain information as to their country. In August, a further mission, with an escort of seventy-five men, is proposed. Its object is to get into touch with the tribes further west, especially "Both these missions are a part of the general scheme of operations." The total cost will amount, according to present estimates, to something like £176,000; but the estimates have risen since the first proposal. The chief expedition is expected to last five months.

What will this expedition do? Visits, we are told, will be paid to the principal villages in the country, and a surrender of the chief instigators and perpetrators will, it is hoped, be enforced; after which, such security for good conduct in future, and such terms for offences in the past, as may seem desirable, will be exacted. "Every village of the Pasi-Meyongs is concerned and must share in the reparation. This, subject to further information from inquiries in the country, must, if they submit, principally take the form of fines in cash and supplies, and in labor in carrying, and on roads, so far as these may be required. . . . Every village of the clan will have to be visited, as only by this means can it be ascertained what punishment would be suitable, as the number of houses and the wealth of each village must be considered in apportioning the fines." But no one expects the Abors to submit. "Nothing but severe punishment will make them understand that they cannot cope with our troops and that our power is stronger than their own." There is talk of attacking and "reducing" villages. When the two leading columns unite, "it is hoped that Kebong will be taken." The obstacles are not to be despised. The country is mountainous, and intersected with torrents which are often impassable. The Abors make formidable fortifications, consisting of tree-trunks fixed upright in the ground, and covered with a forest of bamboo spikes, the whole being sometimes more than a mile long. Once, however, these defences are turned. it is not to be expected that spears, swords, and bows and arrows, even though these last are poisoned, will offer any serious resistance to a well-placed Maxim.

Nothing need be added to this plain narrative, drawn from official sources. But it suggests disconcerting questions. Can the real culprits be found? If not, are we to apply to a wild tribe the doctrine of collective responsibility upon evidence which would raise a smile in any court of law? What is the punitive effect of an expedition, sent seven months after the offence, whose chief business may be to annex a disputed borderland? How many lives will suffice to "avenge the massacre" Are operations on this scale to be undertaken whenever an official loses his life by travelling in admittedly dangerous districts against express orders? Or is the expedition, in point of fact, not "punitive" at all? If so, why is it called by that name? If its object is to define a frontier, why is no attempt made at negotiation? we laying ourselves open to the charge of invading Chinese territory? The White Paper before us offers no indication that these questions have been answered, or even asked, by the Secretary of State or his advisers. We receive instead the laconic information that the main column started on October 22nd, that it has penetrated some distance, and that 14 Abors have been killed.

THE GREY-METTERNICH CONVERSATION.

WE said last week that it was:

"a matter of the most absolute necessity that the nation should know why Mr. Lloyd George's speech was delivered, and why it was delivered on July 21st."

We discussed the inspired Foreign Office statement attributing the speech exclusively to concern at Germany's intentions in Morocco, coupled with the non-acknowledgment of a communication to the German Government asking to be informed as to its motives in sending the "Panther" to Agadir. We then drew attention to the following circumstances, which had apparently escaped public notice:

(1) The "Times"—exclusively—had published on July 20th—i.e., the day preceding Mr. Lloyd George's speech—what it alleged to be German "demands" upon France, not in connection with Morocco at all, but solely in connection with the French Congo and the Congo State; had described them as such that, even if a French Government were weak enough to consider them, no British Government should tolerate them for a moment, and had recommended that ships of war should be sent to Agadir.

(2) The "Times," in its issue of July 22nd, had given unusual prominence to Mr. Lloyd George's speech, and had accentuated the anti-German character of the speech in a leader similar in tone to that of July 20th.

(3) We added:-

"And yet those alleged 'demands' were admittedly not concerned with Morocco at all, although it was only of Morocco that the Foreign Office was thinking when it induced Mr. Lloyd George to make his speech!"

It is necessary to recall this in order that the present situation may be quite clear.

The nation has now before it a German official statement pointing clearly to the conclusion that our coupling of the "Times'" pronouncement of July 20th with Mr. Lloyd George's speech of July 21st, was—as we had ourselves concluded must be the case—the key to the mystery of the speech and of the frame of mind of the Foreign Office which occasioned it. We find, from this account, that Sir Edward Grey sent for the German Ambassador on July 21st (before the Lloyd George speech was delivered), and informed him that he "had learned" that the "German demands were of:

such a far-reaching character that it was obvious the French could not accept them "*; that the Franco-German negotiations might be wrecked "in view of the German demands"; and that "France could not accept the German demands." Let it be repeated yet again that the "demands." had, admittedly, nothing to do with Morocco, but solely with the French Congo and the Congo State. We find the German Ambassador replying that he was not aware of the details of the negotiations, but that he could not admit that the "German demands were obviously unacceptable, as Sir E. Grey had said." If they had been, Germany would not have made them, because she wished to come to an arrangement with France on the principle of guarantees for the open door in Morocco, and on the understanding that France recognised she "must offer an equivalent approximately corresponding in value to the great aims she sought herself," in order to secure German assent to those aims.

Then came Mr. Lloyd George's speech, immediately followed by the outburst against Germany in the British and French Press, the speech (we find the German Ambassador complaining to Sir Edward Grey on July 24th) being "interpreted by the British and French newspapers as a warning bordering upon a threat." No further emphasis need be laid upon other portions of the German official account to show that our reading of

this unhappy story was accurate.

So far that chapter. But another has to be written before the story can be regarded as complete. The "Times" pronouncement of July 20th was read, and was meant by those who inspired it to be so read, in the light of a virtual ultimatum to France by Germany. no period in the negotiations did the discussion between the two countries assume such a character. The impression sought to be conveyed was false. The discussion between the two Powers was opened on the basis of an exchange, and it retained that character throughout. No doubt a good deal of hard bargaining and haggling took place between the diplomatists engaged. Does the ordinary process of bargaining under any circumstances proceed by way of each party putting forward the minimum of his desires in the opening phase? No doubt Germany asked more than she eventually got, although even the "Temps" admits, as we pointed out last week, that the compensation ultimately secured by Germany was "very much the same as was envisaged last July." But it is equally true that France put forward counter-claims to German territory, which in the upshot she has not obtained, and it is equally true that the earlier and more extensive German claims were accompanied by more extensive offers on the part of Germany than the German territory which has passed to France represents. nearly a fortnight before the "Times" pronounce he negotiations were proceeding on the basis of a cession by Germany of German Bornu and Togoland. opposition to the cession of Togoland came from the German Colonial Office, and the final arrangement reduced the originally suggested cession of German Bornu to a small section only of that region, reducing proportionately the German counter-claims in the French Congo. In point of fact, the suggestion of territorial compensation to Germany in the French Congo emanated in the first instance from certain financial interests in Paris. This has been acknowledged over and over again by French writers-indeed, it has nowhere been disputed.

The idea that the situation last July was in the remotest degree influenced by a belief held in France, crediting territorial ambitions to Germany in Morocco, is discounted by the admissions of the best-informed French observers. It was never entertained by the negotiators in Berlin and Paris. It was not even suggested in the "Times" pronouncement of July 20th. It was "an hallucination" of the Foreign Office. Negotiations over the French Congo had gone on spasmodically throughout

1910 right up to April, 1911, when the Monis Cabinet declined to ratify the arrangement of December of last year, actually signed by M. Briand. The arrival of the Panther " at Agadir immediately led to their renewal. "From the beginning of July to the end of August, French diplomacy was exclusively concerned with the Congo," writes M. Chailley, the President of the Colonial Union, and there is no man in France better informed on anything affecting the French dependencies.

M. Chailley goes on to blame the French Ambassador in M. Chailley goes on to blame the French Ambassador in Berlin for having apprised Germany, "in the greatest detail of the concessions the French Government could consent to in the Congo," without ascertaining beforehand the full extent of the proposed German free hand to France in Morocco. Commandant de Thomasson, another writer with inside knowledge, makes the content of the con another writer with inside knowledge, makes the same statement and takes the same view.† Much more of a statement and takes the same view.† Much more of a similar character could be quoted. The map published in the "Times" of July 20th, in support of the scarestory of a German ultimatum, indicates as the "impossible" German "demand" the cession of the portion of the French Congo situated between the sea and the Sangha river, an area little, if at all, greater than that eventually ceded. A certain section of the French Colonial Party actually blames the French Government for not having steered the negotiations in that sense; such an arrangement, it contends, would have been more favorable strategically to France than the cession finally made. And yet these were the German "demands" which Sir Edward Grey told the German Ambassador France "could not accept.

Far from adopting an impossible attitude in these negotiations, German diplomacy seems to us to have displayed a reasonable spirit of compromise. The dispatch of the "Panther" to Agadir was a tactless act, but it stood alone. For instance, in the early stages the play of offer and counter-offer found France offering the territory actually ceded, plus the strip between the Likwala and Lobay rivers, which would have given Germany a frontage along the whole course of the Ubanghi. But when M. Callaux, the French Premier, ascertained, through a personal representative he sent to Brussels, that the Belgian Government would not lease France a corresponding strip of territory following the Ubanghi on its Belgian side; and was further made aware of the strong opposition among French "colonials" to the idea of "cutting the French Congo in two" which his proposal entailed, the German Government did not insist, but contented itself with two points of access instead of the whole frontage.

Just as the character of the negotiations with regard

Just as the character of the negotiations with regard to the French Congo was purposely distorted by those who inspired the "Times" or the Foreign Office (whether the "Times" inspired the Foreign Office or the Foreign Office the "Times," we do not propose to determine), so was the alleged "demand" of Germany for the transfer to her of France's right of pre-emption over the Congo State, distorted. The exchange of views between the two Powers over the Congo State never assumed such a character. To begin with, the acquisition by France in 1885 of a "right" of pre-emption over the Congo State was wholly irregular and carried out behind the backs of the Powers concerned in the Congo settlement at Berlin. In international law it had no validity whatever, and the arrangement now arrived at between France and Germany on the point, which provides (Article 16) that if the territorial status of the Congo basin undergoes alterations at some future date, the question must be first submitted to the signatory Powers of the Berlin Act, far from constituting a menace to Belgian interests in Africa, safeguards those interests. Recourse to the public law of Europe—as embodied in the Berlin Act—is substituted for the irregular situation precedently existing, in the event of Belgium ever desiring to give up the Congo State. A good deal more might be said about the parts respectively played by Germany and France in connection with the Congo State. We will

^{*}Compare with the "Times": "German statesmen, as our Paris correspondent says, must know perfectly well that no French Government could for a moment entertain them."

^{+ &}quot;Questions Diplomatiques et Coloniales." October and November issues.

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merely note to-day that no one who knows the real facts felt any surprise when "Le Vingtième Siècle," of Brussels, the organ inspired by the Belgian Colonial Minister, remarked the other day :-

"Far from being the least in the world affected by seeing Germany settle in Africa on the North-West Frontier of the Congo we rejoice at the fact."

The origin of the "Times" pronouncement is to be sought in the conditions prevailing in Paris in the early part of July. The French Cabinet was at sixes and sevens. The Prime Minister was conducting negotiations with Germany and Belgium outside the "official" negotiations, driven thereto by his genuine desire for peace, shared by one of his colleagues, the others, headed by M. Delcassé, exhibiting an intractable attitude, largely inspired by reports unfavorable to the condition of the German army. The French Ambassador at Berlin was constantly complaining of the alterations and contradictions in his official instructions. The Foreign Minister was totally inexperienced, and so ill-informed that he was fain to admit ten days ago before the Foreign Relations Committee that he was ignorant of the existence of the secret Franco-Spanish Treaty of 1904, until it was published by "Le Matin!" To give away as little as possible; to obtain as much as possible; to strengthen its menaced internal position—this was naturally the object of the French Govern-The move whereby that object could be secured was obvious-to obtain a striking and public demonstration by England in favor of France, which would embarrass Germany and impose confidence among the wavering supporters of the Ministry at home. The first effort consisted in getting a British and French man-of-war to go to Agadir. This the British Cabinet (for its part) to go to Agadir. This the British Cabinet (for its part) declined to do, although the step was favored by the Foreign Office and urged by the "Times." The success of the second effort may be read in the "Times." The success of the second effort may be read in the "Times" of July 20th and in Mr. Lloyd George's speech. The process is described by the George's speech. cess is described by the German Chancellor as follows:-

"Negotiations had been begun on both sides and were guaranteed the strictest secrecy. We had taken the obligation seriously, and had not even informed our allies. France had adopted another procedure, and had supplied not only the Press, but, as appeared also, her friends with information which was incomplete and inexact, and calculated to cast suspicion on our intentions."

By July 28th the Foreign Office had, perhaps, begun to realise the mistake it had made, and on that day the Prime Minister, speaking in the House, said:—

"The question of Morocco itself bristles with difficulties, but outside Morocco, in other parts of West Africa, we should not think of attempting to interfere with territorial arrangements considered reasonable by those who are more directly

Yet on July 20th the "Times" had denounced in violent terms alleged "demands" by Germany solely concerned with "territorial arrangements in other parts of West Africa"! Yet on July 21st Sir Edward Grey had told the German Ambassador that these "demands," solely affecting "other parts of West Africa," were such that France could not accept them! Yet on July 21st Mr. Lloyd George had made his speech, following Sir Edward Grey's declaration to the German Ambassador! Yet on July 22nd the "Times" had led off brilliantly in a fierce anti-German campaign, which lasted all through August and September and the best part of October! Mr Asquith continued :-

"Any statements that we have so interfered to prejudice negotiations beween France and Germany are mischievous inventions without the faintest foundation in fact."

If the incidents of July 20th and 21st were not calculated to "prejudice" the negotiations, it would be difficult to characterise them. Were they intended to help them? Common-sense reluctantly compels us to acknowledge that there is some force in the German official statement.

"If the British Government had had the intention of complicating and confusing the political situation and bringing things to a violent outburst, it could have chosen no better means of doing so than the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech."

The genesis of that speech lay in the Grey-Metternich conversation of July 21st, but not its justification.

Tife and Tetters.

THE PEOPLE IN CHAINS.

A SOCRATIC DIALOGUE.

HERE comes Philokleon, his lips still twitching with the famous sentiments he has been uttering before the Society of the Friends of Freedom. I will wager that he has been telling them how this new decree, extending full citizenship to the Pericci, is the coping-stone of the

Temple of Democracy. Is it not so, Philokleon?

Well, perhaps you are not far out, Socrates.
Indeed, it is admitted you are something of a thoughtreader. But your present guess calls for no prophetic skill. For what other theme should one choose just now in addressing a public meeting than this completion of popular self-government?

Then popular self-government is complete? Yes, indeed; to all intents and purposes.

I will not press you now about these qualifying words, although, I confess, they carry some suspicion. For I am only too delighted to come across a man who not only believes the people ought to rule, but is convinced that they are in fact the rulers.

Why, Socrates, I am at a loss to understand your All parties in the State admit that we are surprise. living in an age of democracy. Even Misokleon over there admits it, though he hates to do so. Is it not so, Misokleon?

Yes; worse luck, O Socrates, there is no denying it. That rascally Cretan who, half-a-century ago, got our simple-minded gentry to bid for popularity by cheapening the franchise, let us in for the whole beastly business. For once floundering in the demogratic boy For once floundering in the democratic bog, business. escape is impossible.

Yes; but not so quick, my heated friends. I would first assure myself that we are really in the bog before beginning to cry out.

Why, Socrates, you must be in one of your perverse moods to-day. If Misokleon and I, who are so seldom in agreement, both admit that democracy has arrivedfor good as I think, for evil according to him-surely the matter needs no further discussion.

Perhaps it doesn't; but I will ask you to humor an old man who, coming up from simpler days, has never really got to understand your new-fangled politics. Perhaps one of you will tell me, I don't mind which, whether I am not right in holding that democracy means government of the people by the people for the people.

Yes; that is the accepted definition.

And you accept it also?

Certainly.

Yet it does not seem quite satisfactory. For it does not tell us how much the people are to govern, whether

in all matters or in some only.

Surely it is understood they govern in all, otherwise democracy is not complete. Indeed, so bold a democrat am I, that I would go further, and aver that Indeed, so bold a the threads of government are so interwoven that a people which does not hold them all holds none.

It is, indeed, delightful to talk with you, Philo-n. You always make everything so plain.

You do me proud, Socrates. But is there anything further you want to know, while we are on the subject?

Well, yes. My mind, like a long-distance runner, is apt to get winded and fall behind in such a sprint as you are leading us. There are one or two further as you are leading us. Ther questions I would like to put.

Well, do not hesitate to put them. And if I can't answer, perhaps our friend, the enemy, Misokleon here, will for once come to my rescue.

With all the pleasure in the world, Philokleon. Well then, you have two separate founts of wisdom at your service, Socrates. Do not shrink from slaking

your well-known thirst.
You gentlemen are indeed kind. But I mustn't abuse such open hospitality. I will therefore defer for another time the first question I had on my lips to ask.
Nay, but that seems a pity, Socrates. Pray have it

Well, it is just this. When you talk of democracy as the people's rule, you mean, I suppose, all the people?
Why, of course.

And a democrat is one who believes that all the people do and ought to rule?

Without a doubt.

Then if a person believed in half the people ruling he wouldn't be a democrat at all?

Why, no.

Or is it possible that we might call him a semidemocrat?

It would not be an inappropriate title. But what of this?

Oh, nothing at present, but something for another time, when we meet again. For there is another question which, thrusting itself at the "barrier of my teeth," good Homer quaintly called it, rudely jostles aside the question I was putting, and imperiously claims precedence

Well, Socrates, if it be so insistent, let it make good its claim by its inherent merit. Out with it, then.

It is this. Should I be right in saying that the most important part of the conduct of a man had relation to his dealings with other men?

Why, certainly, all moralists would put purely self-

regarding actions second.

And the same would hold of a State? important conduct would concern its relations with other

Well, and what if that be so?

A self-governing people, then, will be one in which the conduct of its relations to other peoples is under the

control of the whole people?

Why, yes. But you must not forget, Socrates, that in a large community, where the people do not meet and decide all matters for themselves in the Agora, it will be their chosen representatives who will wield their supreme authority.

Oh yes, I quite understand that. So that "the chosen of the people" regulate the conduct of your democratic State towards foreign States, making treaties and alliances, or breaking them, as sometimes happens, respecting the territory of strong nations, encroaching upon that of weak nations, befriending this nation, hemming in that, and doing all those other things that appertain to foreign policy?

Well, not exactly. The "chosen of the people" do not manage these matters themselves. They leave them to those whose business it is to understand such affairs.

Ah, then, I suppose they choose from among themselves, or maybe even from outsiders, those who shall be

their expert agents?

Why, no. It isn't done that way. The themselves the people neither conduct the foreign policy themselves appoint those who do. You see, Socrates, there are two essential qualities of foreign policy which remove it from the control of a talkative assembly of changing composition. These qualities are secrecy and continuity. So there are permanent officers of the State, Secretaries, Ambassadors, and Ministers, skilled in the mysteries of diplomacy, who regulate such matters.

Ah! is this so? And do these State officers, who, I conjecture, are paid out of the public treasury, owe no obedience to the public or to the elected servants of

Obedience! Why, what curious language you use, Socrates. It is, indeed, the habit of such officers as those I have in mind rather to give orders than to receive them. And yet, I bethink me, it is not entirely so. For there is one who, at least in name, is over them, and who is also responsible to the chosen of the people.

Indeed, and who may he be?

They call him a Secretary of State. And though he too is neither chosen by the people, nor by their representatives, he occasionally shows himself in the Chamber of the elected ones, and tells them something of the foreign policy.

But does he tell them before a thing is done, or only after? For instance, if it is the case of a treaty with a friendly State, or a quarrel with a hostile State, does he take counsel with the chosen of the people beforehand, or only explain afterwards what he has done on their behalf?

Why, no. He never tells beforehand, and not always after. For the chosen ones might, if they knew in time, desire to take a hand, and this might "upset the apple cart," as the catch-phrase runs. For how could the official caste fulfil correctly the diplomatic rites Ah! by "ignorant outsiders," I suppose you mean the people and their chosen ones?

Yes, indeed. For though they may understand

very well their own affairs at home, they are ignorant

of the delicacy of foreign affairs.

Indeed, Philokleon, you have explained very well why they are ignorant, seeing that those who are in a position to know will not instruct them, and why they are outsiders, in that they do not even choose any of those who manage foreign affairs on their behalf. do I gather that he who is said to be responsible to the elected ones is really responsible in either the greater or the less sense of that word.

Greater or less! What is the double thrust your

speech conveys?

By the greater sense of responsibility I signify that real obligation to consult and obey the will of the people enlightened by the fullest possible information, and expressed through their chosen members. By the less sense I signify that willingness to give plain, intelligible, and adequate "responses" to questions put by those who have a right to put them. From your account I gather that not even in the inferior sense are those who actually determine and carry out foreign policy responsible to the people whom that policy concerns.

I grant it comes pretty much to that. But are you not a little captious, Socrates, in your search for responsibility? If the Foreign Office does its duty, as Misokleon and I both agree it does, it is responsible to all

intents and purposes.

To all intents! There you go again with your sly qualifications. But you must pardon me if I pin you to this point of responsibility. For it is really vital to my comprehension of democracy. And that, you will remember, is what we are really after.

Well, then, stick it in.

It is just this. If neither these permanent officers of State, who really conduct the foreign policy, nor the shorter-timed officer who seems to direct them, is responsible in any effective manner to the people or their chosen members, then the quality of responsibility cannot really reside in the people, for it never passes into their

Well, I cannot deny that, in the sense you mean, the people is not and cannot be responsible for foreign

So then we come to a contradiction of the ancient saying that "He who pays the piper calls the tune." does pay something considerable for this policy, both in

money and in risks?
Yes; you are right enough there, Socrates. people has to pay, though our friend Misokleon here has got a little plan to shift the burden on to the foreigner. Isn't that so, Misokleon?

Why, yes, and what is more it can be done. Others do it

Why, so they do, Misokleon. And so you think each nation can make the others pay the bill for their spirited foreign policy, a new fulfilment of the divine command to bear one another's burdens—shall we call it the dawn of Christianity in foreign relations?

It is all very well to jeer at me, Socrates. esently we shall come to it.

Perhaps so; but indeed just now we had better return to our mutton, that greatest of sheep, as he appears to those who have skill to shear him, I mean Demos. For it is his power we are investigating. present, with the able assistance of Philokleon, we have reached the truth that Democracy, or popular self-government, does not include that important item called foreign policy. But a great deal still remains, does it not, Philokleon?

Yes; indeed, there is the whole sphere of home government, including finance, and all that progress of social reform, upon which the will of the people is so

And you are quite sure that the power of the people

in these departments remains unimpaired? I see no reason to think otherwise.

Then, let me ask you, is it true or is it not, that most of those social reforms which the people desire require an expenditure of public money, whether they be concerned with education, care of the aged, the sick, the poor, the improvement of roads, or other matters which come under the head of national development?

Yes, Socrates; it is only too true that these things cost money, and seek to swallow up an ever-growing

share of the contributions of our citizens.

And should I be right in holding that there is a limit to the amount which citizens are willing and able to contribute to the public services?

Yes, indeed; and they are loudly crying that this

limit is already reached.

But are the things which we have named the only things for which money is wanted from the public treasury?

No; by the living Jingo! (if one may choose the per god to swear by), they are not. We must not proper god to swear by), they are not. forget the soldiers and sailors who, with their ships and

guns, cost a pretty penny.

Then I should imagine that a conflict must arise between those who want more money for reforms and the captains of these fighting services, for, as you show,

there is not enough for both to have their fill.

Yes; indeed, it is every year a case of "Pull devil,

pull baker" at the public purse.

And should I be wrong in conjecturing that when the captains of the fighting men fear lest too much should go for reform, too little for their services, they would call to their help their ancient ally?

May we ask whom you mean, Socrates? Why, whom indeed but the famous Bogey-man, the foreign invader, always kept in safe storage for such an

emergency.
Well, of course, defence must always have the first

claim on our national resources.

Ah, yes! I had forgotten this alias of the Bogeyman. But, tell me now, is it not in truth the Foreign Office that houses this famous cut-purse, and does he not ever show himself dressed in the livery of foreign

policy?

No doubt he does. But what of that?

Why simply this. You who began by boasting the completion of democracy, have now flung overboard, piece by piece, the entire contents of popular self-government.

Why, whatever can you mean?

Well, if, as you admitted, foreign policy lies outside of popular control, and this same foreign policy is able to scare out of the Treasury into the fighting services as much money as it chooses, why, foreign policy and not the people is the real ruler of the whole situation, and decides what social reforms shall be permitted to go forward, and what shall perish of starvation.

I am bound to admit it looks like it. But what is

one to do?

That is for you politicians to decide. Only one word of advice I would offer in the sacred name of consistency, and that is not to suppose that self-government is a thing that can be done by halves, and not to boast of democracy before you have got it.

"EITHER COWARDS OR UNHAPPY."

To realise contemporary and present grandeur needs one of the rarest powers. The past and the distant are easily perceived. Like a far-off mountain, their glory is conspicuous, and the iridescent vapors of romance quickly gather round it. The main outline of a distant peak is clear, for rival heights are plainly surpassed, and

sordid details, being invisible, cannot detract from it or confuse. The comfortable spectator may contemplate it in peace. It does not exact from him quick decisions or disquieting activity. The storms that sweep over it contribute to his admiration without wetting his feet, and his high estimate of its beauty and greatness may and his high estimate of its beauty and greatness may be enjoyed without apprehension of an avalanche. So the historian is like a picturesque spectator cultivating his sense of the sublime upon a distant prospect of the Himalayas. It is easy for him to admire, and the appreciation of a far-off heroic movement gives him quite a pleasant time. At his leisure he may descant with enthusiasm upon the forlorn courage of sacrificed patriots, and hymn, amidst general applause, the battles of freedom long since lost or won.

But in the thick of present life it is different. The

air is obscured by murky doubt, and unaccustomed shapes stand along the path, indistinguishable under the light malign. Uncertain hope scarcely glimmers, nor can the termination of the struggle be divined. Tranquillity, giving time for thought, and the security that leaves the judgment clear, have both gone, and may never return. The ears are haunted with the laughter of vulgarity, and the judicious discouragement of of vulgarity, prudence. Is there not as much to be said for taking one line as another? If there is talk of conflict, were it not better to leave the issue in the discriminating hands of One who has said that vengeance is His? Yet in the very midst of hesitations, mockery, and good advice, the next step must be taken, the decision must be swift, the choice is brief but eternal. There is no clear evidence of heroism around. The fighters do not differ much from the grotesque, the foolish, and the braggart ruck of men. No wonder that culture smiles and passes aloof upon its pellucid and elevating course. smiles; the valet de chambre lurking in most hearts sniffs at the name of heroes; approval comes alone from the securely sheltered crowds who hound victims to the combat, bloodthirsty as spectators at a bull-fight. In the sweat and twilight and crudity of the actual event, when so much is merely ludicrous and discomforting, and all is enveloped in the element of fear, it is rare to perceive a glory shining, or to distinguish greatness from the mud of contumely and commonplace.

As an instance of the difference, take the story of Italy's revival—the "Resurrection," as Italians call it. This summer Italy was celebrating her jubilee of national rebellion, and English writers who spend their years, day by day or week by week, sneering at freedom, betraying nationality, and demanding vengeance on rebels, burst into ecstatic rhapsodies upon that glorious but distant uprising. They raised the old war-cry of liberty over battlefields long silent; they extolled to heaven the renown of the rebellious dead; their very periods glowed with Garibaldian red, white, and green; and rising to Byronic exaltation they concluded their nationalist effusions by adjuring freedom's weather-

beaten flag:

"Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but flying, Streams like the thunder-storm against the wind!"

So they cried, echoing the voice of noble ghosts. But where in the scenes of present life around them have they hailed that torn but flying banner? they said or done for freedom's emblem in Persia, or in Morocco, or in Turkey? What support have they given it in Finland, or in the Caucasus, or in the Baltic Provinces? To come within our own sphere, what ecstatic rhapsodies have they composed to greet the rising nationalism of Ireland, or of India, or of Egypt? Or, in this country herself, what movement of men or of women striving to be free have they welcomed with their pæans of joy? Not once have they even perceived a glory in liberty's cause to-day. Wherever a rag of that torn banner fluttered, they have denounced and stamped it down, declaring it should fly no more. Their admiration and enthusiasm are reserved for a buried past, and over triumphant rebellion they will sentimentalise for pages, provided it is securely bestowed at a safe and comfortable distance.

Leaving them to their peace, let us approach a great

name among our English singers of liberty. Swinburne stands in the foremost rank. In a collection of "English Songs of Italian Freedom" (Longmans), edited by Mr. George Trevelyan, who himself has so finely narrated the epic of Italy's redemption—in that collection Swinburne occupies a place among the very highest. No one has paid nobler tribute to the heroes of that amazing revolution. No one has told the sorrow of their failures with more sympathetic rage, or has poured so burning a scorn and so deep an obloquy upon their oppressors, whether in treacherous Church or alien State. It is magnificent, but alas! it was not war. By the time he wrote, the war was over, the victory won. By that time, not only the British crowd, but even people of rank, office, and culture could hardly fail to applaud. The thing had become definite and conspicuous. It was finished. It stood in quite visible splendor at a safe and comfortable distance. Ridicule had fallen impotent. Hesitation could put down its foot. Superiority could smile, not in doubt, but in welcome. The element of fear was dissipated. The coward could shout, "I was your friend all along!" If a man wrote odes at all, he could write them to freedom then.

"By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,
Remembering Thee,
That for ages of agony hast endured and slept,
And would'st not see."

How superb! But when that was written the weeping and agony were over, the sleeper had awakened, the eyes saw. It was easy then to sing the heroism of rebellious sorrow. But afterwards, while an issue was still doubtful, while the cry of freedom was rising amid the obscurity, the dust, and uncertainty of actual combat, with how blind a scorn did that great poet of freedom pour upon Irishman and Boer a poison as virulent as he had once poured upon the priests and kings of Italy!

Let us emerge from the depression of such common blindness, and recall the memory of one whose vision never failed even in the midst of present gloom to detect the spark of freedom. A few great names stand beside his. Shelley, Landor, the Brownings, all gave the cause of Italy great and, in one case, the most exquisite verse, while the conflict was uncertain still. Even the distracted and hesitating soul of Clough, amid the dilettante contemplation of the arts in Rome, was rightly stirred. The poem that declared, "'Tis better to have fought and lost than never to have fought at all," displayed in him a rare decision, while, even among his hideous hexameters, we find the great satiric line—fit motto for those spectators at the bull-fights of freedom-" So that I 'list not, hurrah for the glorious army of martyrs!'' But the name of Byron rises above them all, not merely that he alone showed himself capable of deed, but that the deed gave to his words a solidity and concrete power such as deeds always give. First of Englishmen, as Mr. Trevelyan says, Byron perceived that a living Italy was struggling beneath the outward semblance of Metternich's "order"; and as early as 1821 he prepared to join the Carbonari of Naples in their revolt for Italian liberty :-

"I suppose that they consider me," he wrote, "as a depôt to be sacrificed, in case of accidents. It is no great matter, supposing that Italy would be liberated, who or what is sacrificed. It is a grand object—the very poetry of politics. Only think—a free Italy!"

That was written in freedom's darkest age, between Waterloo and the appearance of Mazzini, and that grand object was not to be reached for forty years. In the meantime, true to his guiding principle:—

"Then battle for freedom whenever you can, And, if not shot or hang'd, you'll get knighted,"

Byron had sacrificed himself for Greece as nobly as he was prepared to sacrifice himself for Italy. It was a time of darkness hardly visible. In the very year when Byron witnessed the collapse of the Carbonari rebellion, Leopardi, as Mr. Trevelyan tells us, wrote to his sister on her marriage: "The children you will have must be either cowards or unhappy; choose the unhappy." The hope of freedom appeared extinct. Tyrants, as Byron

wrote, could be conquered but by tyrants, and freedom found no champion. The Italians themselves were merged in the slime of despairing satisfaction, and he watched them creeping, "crouching, and crab-like," along their streets. But through that dark gate of along their streets. unhappiness which Leopardi named as the one choice for all but cowards, led the thin path that freedom must Great as were Mazzini's services to all always take. Europe, his greatest service to his countrymen lay in arousing them from the slough of contentment to a life of hardship, sacrifice, and unhappiness. When, after the loss of Rome in 1849, Garibaldi called for volunteers to accompany his hazardous retreat, he said to them: "I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles, and death." Swinburne himself may have had those words in mind when, writing also of Garibaldi, he said of freedom:-

"She, without shelter or station,
She, beyond limit or bar,
Urges to slumberless speed
Armies that famish, that bleed,
Sowing their lives for her seed,
That their dust may rebuild her a nation,
That their souls may relight her a star."

"Happy are all they that follow her," he continued, and in a sense we may well deem their fate happiness. But it is in the sense of what Carlyle in a memorable passage called the allurements to action. "It is a calumny on men," he wrote, "to say they are roused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, reward in this world or the next. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death are the allurements that act on the heart of man." Under the spell and with the reward of those grim allurements the battles of freedom, so visible in the resurrection of Italy, so unrecognised in freedom's recurrent and contemporary conflicts, must invariably be fought. We may justly talk, if we please, of the joy in such conflicts, but Thermopylæ was a charnel, though, as Byron said, it was a proud one; and it is always against the wind that the banner of freedom streams.

THE OLD NATURALIST AND THE NEW.

Nor long ago, on a damp autumn day, we found an entomologist beating the hawthorns into a caterpillar net and carefully examining the result. Knowing something of the game, we asked him what he was out for. "Exiguata," he replied, and showed us in a bottle a few animated thread-snippets that a hungry coal tit would scarcely deign to gobble. Any other lepidopterist worthy of the name would know that the woods in which this happened were a very likely place for this tiny and infrequent moth, that the date was just right for getting the larvæ full-fed by beating, and that this was the best method by which to get eventually a good "series" of the perfect insect. It is by such thorough and systematic hunting that the modern collector pursues his special line in natural history. Yet there is no thrill of the serried cabinet to be compared with that with which we captured our first casual Oak Beauty or Great Angle-shades, and wondered that such a marvel should have been hidden in the world so long. Nor was even that equal to the adventure of poking at a bit of the brown bark of a tree, and seeing it whirl away as a great burning mass of scarlet, or of going to take hold of a thorny twig in the hedge, and finding it come to life as a wonderfully disguised caterpillar.

For most of us Nature does not bottle well into cabinets or into catalogues. The imperishable books are not Hooker's Botany, or (beyond the introduction) Kirby and Spence's Entomology, but Darwin on the Beagle, Bates on the Amazon, Waterton, and old White of Selborne. White perhaps most of all. In the course of a hundred and twenty-two years his book has been issued at least sixty times, whether we include or no the latest sumptuous quarto volume, illustrated more suo by Mr. G. E. Collins, R.B.A. (Macmillan). The reader wonders what White would have said to the mechanical progress which gives us in a printed book to-day all the colors of the artist. And what of the proportion

observed in our generation between a book and its illustrations? Mr. Collins gives us, for example, a fine full-page picture of the wren singing among the twigs of a thicket, or, as we must say in Selborne, a hanger. The only line concerning this bird that we can find in White is this:—"Wrens sing all the winter through, frost excepted." It is a line, though, as full of observation and the beauty of truth as anything that has been written, and as good a theme as the artist might desire. He who went into Selborne to-day would be inclined to think that the same wren was singing that the old clergyman looked at when he was taking a character census of his feathered parishioners. But no picture could have the intrinsic value of the old engravings, which were "done" from the actual specimens of loach, bull-head, eft, and lampern taken from the streams of Selborne, and forwarded to Fleet Street by White himself.

White was not of the new school of natural history, yet he was of the newest. Never did he tear a flower to pieces, and tell us exactly of what parts it was made. Astonishing as it may be, very little was known in his day about the fertilisation of flowers by bees. In the very year of the first edition of "The Natural History of Selborne," Sprengel was engaged in discovering facts known in our day literally to every school child. As a clear-eyed, unviolent observer, White had his triumphs quite commensurate with anything open to us in our He made of the sober and elusive willow-wren the three species that we know to-day; threw early doubt by inductive reasoning from what he saw in Hampshire on the strong assertion that the ring ousel stayed the year round in Scotland; and discovered a rare winter visitor from Siberia that is known to us as White's thrush. He was in some respects happy in having to rely on his own unaided observation. "Ray says," he writes, "and Linnæus after him, that the water rat is web-footed behind." On the strength of these high authorities he "discovered" a rat on the banks of "our little stream that is not web-footed, and yet is an excellent swimmer and diver." Knowing then a species of water rat that was not Ray's, he wrote, in all courtesy for the elder naturalist, "I suspect much there may be two species of water rats."

In 1837, Darwin read before the Geological Society his famous paper on the earth-worm. It was a revelation of the economic value of one of the commonest but least noticed of creatures. And it was the putting into figures of one of White's letters then just sixty years old. He wrote, "Lands that are subject to frequent inundations are always poor; and probably the reason may be because the worms are destroyed. worms, though in appearance a small and despicable link in the chain of Nature, yet, if lost, would make a lamentable chasm. They seem to be the great promoters of vegetation, which would proceed but lamely without them, by boring, perforating and loosening the soil, and rendering it pervious to rains and the fibres of plants, by drawing straws and stalks of leaves and twigs into it; and most of all by throwing up such infinite numbers of lumps of earth called worm-casts, which, being their excrement, is a fine manure for grain and grass." Before giving us some more specific information as to the habits of earth-worms, he throws out this hint for the future Darwin: "A good monography of worms would afford much entertainment and information at the same time, and would open a large and new field in natural history.

The new Natural History has been sectional in subject. There have been botany, geology, ornithology, entomology, and the others striving to keep themselves each in its water-tight compartment. But the newest Natural History is more or less frankly "panology," as it was in the days of Selborne, but with a more conscious interlacing of rôles. Geology has become the handmaid of such tender sciences as entomology and botany in a surprising way, yielding from her stone book even pollen grains and the casts of insects' eyes millions of years old. We have to begin the study of all the natural sciences, as White began the study of his parish, with the nature of the subsoil, the rank clay on one side of the road,

"that requires the labor of years to make it mellow," on the other side the sandy loam famous for oaks, further on the freestone, whose trees are "so brittle as to fall to pieces in sawing." If well-contrasted strata meet in the neighborhood, we can trace their areas in the kinds of flowers that grow in the mould above them, or in the varying intensity of color in the same species growing on both strata. Though we are to know the marks that distinguish the natural orders and the genera, we are never to forget that it is indeed a natural order, and that the marks are footsteps of evolution. To that end we concentrate now and then on plant ecology, asking ourselves, not which are the buttercups, but which are the plants that grow in a dry, damp, exposed, or sheltered situation.

"The standing objection to botany has always been that it is a pursuit that amuses the fancy and exercises the memory without improving the mind or advancing any real knowledge. But the botanist that is desirous of wiping off this aspersion should be by no means content with a list of names; he should study plants philosophically, should investigate the laws of vegetation, should examine the powers and virtues of efficacious herbs, should promote their cultivation, and graft the gardener, the planter, and the husbandman on the phytologist." So might Henslow have written in 1911 instead of White in 1778. "The study of grasses," continues this reputed old-fashioned naturalist, "would be of great consequence to a northerly and grazing kingdom. The botanist that could improve the sward of the district where he lived would be a useful member of society; to raise a thick turf on a naked soil would be worth volumes of systematic knowledge."

of systematic knowledge."

In this month's "Journal of the Board of Agriculture" is an article on the Elliot system of farming, the essence of which is to give a stony soil that suffers severely from drought "a drought-resisting herbage." Instead of the staple rye-grass, cocksfoot is chosen, and the mixture of seed contains yarrow, kidney-vetch, chicory, and burnet, "not ordinarily found in grass mixtures." These are deep-rooting, and therefore drought-resisting plants; they seem to help the whole association of clovers and grasses along, and, at any rate, the Commissioner finds, "produce a better growth of herbage than the ordinary commercial mixtures." Thus do the old and new join hands across the centuries till we cannot tell which is old and which is new.

The Brama.

THE VILLAGE AND THE PLAY.

THE other day into a little old county town-so quiet that in the very heart of it one can almost hear the tinkle of the sheep-bells from the great downs all around -the afternoon London express emptied itself of a now annual load of photographers, dramatic critics, descriptive reporters, and minor literary and theatrical celebrities. The arriving company streamed down to the High Street, dispersed into the various ancient hostelries of the place, and to all outward seeming the little old county town went on with its sleep. On the following morning the world was startled to find that a great and exciting event had come to pass—the annual Hardy play had been produced at Dorchester! Columns of picturesque writing, and pages of photographs, decorate the newspapers. The imagination of millions of breakfast tables is stimulated with the vision of gay, rustic scenes, of rare and memorable merriments to the sound of fife and tabor, of something that no other town in England but Dorchester could supply, and that Dorchester itself could only supply on this one day in all the year. The whole thing is, of course, a mere conspiracy of journalistic fancy. What has happened is spiracy of journalistic fancy. What has happened is that a creditable but confessedly commonplace performance has been given by the members of an amateur dramatic society in a provincial town.

Charming it is, to be sure, that there should be

just once a year this excuse for an outburst of appreciation of Mr. Hardy, and of the little corner of rural England to which his genius has given another life—a dream-life—beside its own. But there were at any rate some members of that little bevy of London pilgrims who could not silence certain obstinate questionings. It is all very well that Mr. Hardy should write immortal stories, and that Wessex should live its life all the year should plough and hoe and reap and sow-to afford a moment or two's interest to the readers of London newspapers. But what of the Wessex folk themselves? What of the meaning of the Hardy play to the Hardy country? For one had only to go two or three miles out of Dorchester to find that the grey-green hills, the sheep-folds, the farms, the great tithe-barns so much bigger sometimes than the little ivy-grown church, the clusters of thatched roofs nestling in the hollows—that all these and their folk knew nothing of the Hardy play, and very little of Mr. Hardy himself, save perhaps as a relative of this or that yeoman of the place. One had only to talk with the Dorchester people to find that the Hardy play was, in its being and becoming, due to the enterprise of burgesses not all of whom were either Dorset-born or Dorset-bred. Here were a few hundred social people gathered in the Corn Exchange; but did the play matter in the faintest degree to the life of the countryside that was its theme and its inspiration, lying at that very moment silently outspread beneath the peaceful moon? Probably the Dorset shepherd in his little movable hut upon those pastoral uplands neither knew nor cared any more about the drama than he did about electro-dynamics.

So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Passed over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave."

Not always, perhaps, are the white hairs of a Dorset shepberd brought to a quiet grave. When they are, it is all too frequently in the workhouse. But in either emergency, no stage-play is likely to have had much to do with it. While the fiddle is tweaking to the Dorchester footlights, and the young lady members of the Dorchester Debating and Dramatic Society are impressing the evening-dressed stalls with their prettiness in ringlets and white muslin, there are no fiddles heard in the far-off village on the lonely hill-side, where the light from one or two cottage windows gives here

The suggestion of an almost pathetic illusion that underlies it all is added to for those who know Mr. Hardy personally. They know that what interests him most about the whole affair is not the applause of London playgoers, not that celebration of himself with which he can afford to dispense. They know it is his hope that these plays will do something to recall—and so perhaps help to restore—what was good in the old life of the Dorset villages that is gone—the jollity, the self-content, the exuberant activity, whether it be over a shepherd's christening-feast or over some adventure that had "less relish of salvation in't." Is there the slightest hope that this may be so? Will the art of Thomas Hardy, familiar as it may be to novel-readers wherever the English language is spoken, ever have any reflex action upon the actual village-life out of his love for which that art was born? It is a matter that is very much in doubt. So far as the plays are concerned, it is just part of the larger question of the so-called revival of the rural drama in general. For these Hardy plays have sprung, after all, from the same source as has every

sprung, not from the village, but from the town.

There are, unfortunately, few artistic movements more disillusioning to those who have taken the trouble to follow them than these various efforts to bring the play to the village and the village to the play. It is always the same story. Some enthusiast from town, filled with the latest drama-raising notions, happens to find himself or herself in a country place. As the local

similar movement for the last twenty years. They have

rustics-the honest ones at any rate-have practically nothing to do during the winter evenings, it is easy to win their co-operation in a play. The play is performed in the local school-room or parish-hall. The publicity-corps which London has ever in waiting, is duly advised—and down they come, the same old gang, some with cameras, and some with note-books, and some with speeches in their pockets to reel off at the first opportunity. The next day we read that the finest acting that London can produce is mere child's play compared with the masterly character-drawing of the worthy Hodge of Little Mudcombe. His stolid bearing throughout a demostic scene is heiled as "reserve force". The creekdomestic scene is hailed as "reserve force." The creaking of his boots as he walks across the stage is noted as a "realistic touch." His honest roar is described as "a rich and finely modulated voice, which might well be the envy of &c., &c." Alas, the result is nearly always the same, too. The promoter of the play, having "tasted blood" in the matter of London's having accordant tired of Little Mudcombe and its approbation, soon gets tired of Little Mudcombe and its dramatic capabilities. As for poor Hodge, he is deep in the toils. After having been greeted as a Kean, a Garrick, or an Irving, who shall blame him if he shows unmistakable symptoms of the malady known as "swelled head?" He goes back to the furrow with a heavy heart, and sometimes an angry fancy. He believes—as actually was believed in the case of a recent village-play—that a fortune has been made out of his efforts, and that the promoter of the play is battening on the proceeds of the In one way or rural actor's acknowledged genius. another this has been the history of nearly every effort of the kind. Where shall one find a spontaneous village play? The Hildenborough players were carefully trained by Mr. Johnson, a well-to-do City man who happened to live near; and his brother and a City friend wrote the plays. The Aldbourne players owed everything to the simple fact that Mr. McEvoy, already a well-known playwright, happened to hit on the Wiltshire village as a home. The Naphill players were similarly inspired and presented by Miss Gertrude Robins. And can one say that our English village-life in general has really benefited by these spasmodic rushes of a London crowd to this or that railway station, the snapshotting of celebrities in Norfolk-jackets, the interviews with the oldest inhabitant, and all the little fanfare of a moment's fame?

It is, of course, a pleasant frolic for the Londoners. It is more than that: it teaches them something from the artistic point of view. However much beside the mark may be the praise that has been lavished upon the acting of Hodge, there is always something to be learnt by putting the actual man in an imagined part. let us look for a moment at the other side of the shield. Let us look, not at the drama, but at the village itself, which is, after all, a good deal more important to the life of the nation than any village-drama can be. know that there was a time when the village had a drama of its own, when never a Christmas passed but the village-mummers came striding into the farmhouse, and St. George and Beelzebub clashed their wooden swords. There was a time, we know, when the village lived to itself, and randy-routs and harvest-homes made happy memories, and morris-dance and folk-song and all the things that some people are trying even now to snatch from oblivion were the sufficient joys of a homekeeping peasantry. One need not enter into the reasons why nearly all this village life has gone. They are obviously economic, and their cure must be a social and political, and not an artistic matter. Taking the village s it is, with all its brightest young men and women flocking to the towns-what is the use of trying to clap on to its shell from outside a dramatic plaster? healthy, vigorous, and free life in the village itself, would not a village drama arise as naturally as flowers from the earth? Yet how is it that we go to work? Only a few years ago there was announced the formation of a league to be known as "Merrie England," its promoters being, if one remembers rightly, Mr. W. T. Stead, Mr. J. T. Grein, and Mr. F. R. Benson. The object of this association appeared to be to disseminate ready-made assortments of country gaiety—approved by these three gentlemen—among such villages as showed a desire to import them. One is not surprised at having heard nothing of "Merrie England" since!

Meanwhile, the last remnants of the real villagedrama of once upon a time are here and there still lingering with us. On the very day when London people were speechifying and getting themselves photographed under the pretext of helping the village-drama, an old puppet-man was tramping the lanes of Kent, threadbare The weather-beaten puppet-show, which and hungry. could once hardly fail to draw its crowd at the fair or on the village-green, was in favor no longer. The old plays that delighted generations gone by, "Arden of Feversham," "Maria Martin; or, The Murder in the Red Barn"—no one cared for them now. Even the children preferred to troop into the neighboring town, with its flaring parades and cinematograph shows. crude, but genuine and personal, art of the puppets, the racy, native dialogue, were out of fashion. An appeal in a London newspaper managed happily to save the old puppet-man from actual starvation. It was responded to by, at any rate, one of the leaders of "the advanced drama," and there was enough to buy old Clunn Lewis a harp, by which he could still pick up a living as a street minstrel.

So the circle is in a way completed. born dramatic revival stretches out its hands to the old village-play, born of the old village life that was rooted in the land. As things are, there is about as much chance of any true understanding between them as there is of a meeting of East and West. The present villageplay vogue will certainly not bridge the gulf. No good will ever come of village-plays so long as they are arranged to impress Cockney pilgrims, or to show off native characteristics as picturesque curiosities. village-drama must be a natural result of the prosperity and vitality of the village to be anything at all. some extent, doubtless, the village has shared in the making of the pageants that have lately reminded our country towns of the glories of long ago. But this is a poor kind of hope. It has the air of the dying gleam rather than of the dawn of another day. There may come a time—there must come a time—when the village itself will live again to a new purpose, with ideals that are to be looked for in the future instead of in the past. Then the village-play will grow into reality again, and there will be nothing so very remarkable in a Dorset play being represented in Dorset by Dorset folk. In the meantime one cannot help feeling that the less the village-play is made into a raree-show the better for its welfare. By the people who live in the country and who are to that extent responsible for the happiness of their neighbors, how much may be done without any ostentation to make life brighter and fuller for the folk who are left there! But to make a town-cult of the village-play is to help neither town nor village, and to ride with one's face to the nag's tail. S. R. L.

Letters to the Editor.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE AND PERSIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir.—I am one of those who, without great know-ledge of foreign affairs, think that there is a distinct necessity for an explanation from the Government of their foreign policy, particularly in regard to recent relations with Germany and in regard to affairs in Persia. Holding that view, I still think that your treatment of these subjects during the last few weeks has not been very fair. A case against the Foreign Office has, prima facie, been made out and will have to be met; but I submit that you have gravely over-stated that case. To make that good, I will take two statements in your current issue, which I have

taken the trouble to check. The first deals with Tripoli and the second with Persia.

In your opening notes you say:-

"It is nowhere even hinted that Sir Edward Grey has moved a finger to limit the area of the war, indeed, it is more than ever recognised abroad that the Italian adventure had and has the tacit approval of our Foreign Office."

Your use of the word "recognised" instead of "believed" conveys the implication that it is a fact that our Foreign Office had fore-knowledge of the invasion, and tacitly approved. I myself heard Sir Edward Grey say in the House on November 3rd:—

"The first communication of any intention to seize Tripoli which his Majesty's Government received was the notification of the Declaration of War on September 30th."

I have never heard or read of one word or act on the part of our Government which lends color to the idea that they now approve of the "Italian Adventure." In the face of a direct denial that the intention to invade Tripoli was communicated to our Government, and the entire absence of any subsequent mark of approval, surely your words are gravely unfair and likely to mislead on a question of fact.

In your article on Persian affairs, in a summary of the past dealings of Russia and Great Britain with the

Persian Government, you say: -

"The two powers began by offering to guarantee a loan, provided Persia would accept the full control in every department of Russian or British agents. It was a proposal to introduce the Egyptian system, and it was rejected."

I have looked up in the White Paper on Persia the terms on which the two powers offered to guarantee the loan. They are given in a dispatch from Sir G. Barclay to Sir Edward Grey, dated February 16th, 1910 [Persia No. 1. (1911.) Cd. 5656]. They do not bear out your statement. There is to be a Commission to control the disbursement of the loan, but there is no insistence that there should be any foreign—still less any Russian or British—representation on that Commission. I think it is for you to justify your suggestion that this is the Egyptian system.

There is nowhere in the conditions one word about Russian or British officers or agents. Seven French officials are to be engaged at the Ministry of Finance; "foreign" instructors for the gendarmerie are to be engaged. Those are the only references to agents or officers from sources outside Persia. What justification can there be for saying that Persia was asked to accept "the full control in every

department of Russian or British agents"?

These inaccuracies in the parts of your articles which I have checked suggest a certain over-stating of the case throughout. My complaint is that the over-statement is not only in the conclusions, but in the facts on which the conclusions are based. I think our Foreign Office requires criticism; I should like to see more time devoted to that work in the House of Commons; but I do think that supporters of the Government have cause for complaint when, in your indictment of the Foreign Office, you add to its real offences imaginary crimes which it has never committed.—Yours. &c..

November 21st, 1911. H. T. CAWLEY.

[We acknowledge no inaccuracy. We had in view the Russian as well as the British interpretation of the terms offered with the proposed loan. In our White Paper Mr. Isvolsky's view is only briefly indicated. "It will only be by means of negotiating a large loan that Russia and England will be in a position to insist on the institution of an effective financial control." In other words, M. Isvolsky wished to lend a much larger sum than Persia had asked for, in order to tighten his hold over her His views were given at length in the "Novoe affairs. Yremya" at the time. He referred in set terms to the Egyptian parallel, and explicitly stated that the military officers to be employed must be Russian and British. actual terms of the preliminary loan bear out our interpretation on a close view. Mr. Cawley has omitted to notice the all-important general condition. gramme concerning the employment of the sum advanced shall be submitted for the approval of the two Legations." In other words, the power of the purse was to be placed in the hands of the Russian and British Ministers, who would thus directly control the Persian Budget, especially in all matters connected with the police and other armed forces. The officials of the Ministries of

Finance, War, and Police would thus be virtually in the pay of the two Powers. A general veto of this kind, exercised through our Consul-General, is precisely the Egyptian The Commission which was to audit the details of the expenditure, after Russo-British sanction for its programme, was to contain two foreigners (a point on which Mr. Cawley is mistaken), a Frenchman (financial adviser), and a Belgian (of the Customs). Further, the foreign "instructors" of the Persian armed forces are to be engaged only with the consent of the two Powers. Their nationality is not here stated, but clearly M. Isvolsky meant to insist on Russians, and we afterwards proposed Anglo-Indian officers for the South. A Persian suggestion for the engagement of Swedes has lately been vetoed (according to a statement made in the Duma by M. Neratoff) by both Governments, which made representations at Stockholm. tendency of all this is sufficiently clear; but we are content to base our case on the general veto on the Persian programme of expenditure vested in the two Legations.

As to Tripoli, Mr. Cawley is surely playing with words. We never said that the Foreign Office were forewarned of the actual starting of the Tripoli Expedition. What we said was that Europe believed and believes that we knew of Italy's general designs.—Ed., NATION.]

"WHO OUGHT TO VOTE?" To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir.—In your article on "Who Ought to Vote?" you treat it as an open question whether there are not "risks in the proposed extension of the franchise to the poorer grades of workers," though you are prepared to take those risks. Sir Charles Dilke, who probably knew more about the electoral law than anyone else, gave it as his opinion that—

"The poorest people in the country are already on the electoral lists, while those excluded in most, though not in all districts, are, on the average, somewhat higher in the social scale than those who are generally included. A perusal of the electors' lists of the East of London, for example, where a task, in rural districts difficult, is rendered easy by 'street list' arrangement, is conclusive as to the present admission of the very poor. In other parts of London, 'houses built for a single family of substance have become in vast numbers the dwellings of the poor.' The insanitary conditions, produced by the use of houses in their old age for purposes for which they were not meant, render such dwellings the resort of those far lower in the social scale than the inhabitants of the smallest dwellings in the kingdom. . . The overwhelming majority of those who, unfortunately, are compelled to live in them, are on the register."

Since Sir Charles Dilke wrote, the latest Kent v Fittall decision has knocked off many tenement holders; but there are no unknown "risks" in giving them votes.

Probably the chief change brought by manhood suffrage would be that the new voters would contain a larger proportion of young men than the present electorate-young workmen living at home or lodging in other people's houses, at rents too low to qualify them for the lodger franchise. As to your proposal to raise the voting age to twenty-five, ought we not to think twice before discouraging young people from taking part in politics? With a better school education in modern history, there ought to be no reason why young people of twenty-one, or at most twenty-three, should not be competent to vote. I believe the great majority of women trade unionists (speaking of trade unions for women only) are under twenty-five, and the average age for women wage earners cannot be much more. The Factory Acts treat girls as fit for women's work at eighteen, and allow their employers to get a much longer day's work out of them than skilled men care to do. Workmen use the vote to carry out trade union policy, witness the labor laws obtained by miners, cotton operatives, and others. Why are women wage-earners to be deprived of the same protection? If they are young and helpless against the commercial manager of the usual type, they only need it the more. The low standard of labor laws for these young creatures shows that they cannot trust to public opinion for protection. There seems to be an idea abroad that, by shutting out all women who are not "occupiers" or "occupiers' wives," a "respectable" class of women voters would be obtained. It ought to be repeated again and again that it is utterly impossible to devise a franchise which will give any test of "respectability" of conduct and habits. The main effect of the proposed exclusion

will be to penalise the wage-earners who most need help, and for whom the "anti-sweating" agitation has so far effected very little. Norway—the only country where women vote on a limited franchise—is an unfortunate example to follow. Womanhood suffrage will be given there as soon as the Liberals return to power.—Yours, &c.,

42, Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W.
November 21st, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sin,—Is it not one of the worst services we can render the State to teach our young men that until they are twenty-five years old they are irresponsible boys? Yet that, in effect, is what you seem to me to preach in your article, "Who Ought to Vote?" Young men of twenty-one should not vote, you say; they are still "in statu pupillari"; their "personality" is not "completely attained"; their "levity" is "natural." If you treat them on this basis, they will behave accordingly.

Of course, it is necessary to draw the line somewhere as to age for voting; but is there any danger in leaving it drawn where it has been from time immemorial? The onus of proof is on those who desire to make a change. I venture to think that, in this case, the wisdom of our ancestors has hit upon a point as near perfect as may be in human affairs. You argue that at twenty-one young men are deficient in some of the qualities which should make up perfect citizenship. Of course they are; so are we all; some in one thing, and some in another. It is no part of the theory of democracy that every citizen should be perfect in knowledge, judgment, or moral qualities; but rather that we are all imperfect; that the excesses or deficiencies of some counterbalance the opposite excesses or deficiencies of others; and that by giving all a voice a better balance of interests and impulses and a greater sum of knowledge are attained than in any other way. Your argument is the old one which has been used to resist the enfranchisement of each separate class to whom citizenship has been extended. In 1832 the middle class were so deficient in this, in 1868 the town workmen in that, and in 1885 the agricultural laborer in the other, that they ought not to vote. were; and the argument would have been sound if they alone were to have constituted the electorate; but they were rich in other things of which the State stood in need.

So it is with young men; they are poor in experience, but they are rich in courage and generous impulses, the very qualities in which some of us who are growing grey are poor; and they have often a better command than their fathers of new ideas, destined to mould the future of the world. The State needs to hear the voices both of young and old; and if you are disfranchising young men for immaturity and want of experience, you must, to maintain the balance, disfranchise also all men of—what age shall I say?—because too often their faculties are decaying, and their ideas are set; because of their mean fears about property, their want of imagination, and their devotion to the old ruts. There are, of course, brilliant exceptions, as there are young men who are wise and learned at twenty-one. I speak of the average only.

The older I grow myself, the more convinced I am that the world suffers—and England especially suffers—from excessive domination of the old. Why do new countries and new districts go ahead with such a swing? Largely because the control is in the hands of young men.

You speak of fixing the age at twenty-five. Do you realise that in that case very few young men would get the chance of voting before twenty-seven? For even if registration be so reformed that it takes only a few weeks to get them on the list, they will still have to wait, on an average, two years for an election to come round. Similarly, if the nominal twenty-one years be retained, the proportion of electors under twenty-three years of age at each election will be insignificant.

I believe this proposal to raise twenty-one to twenty-five, which we hear a good deal talked about even by Cabinet Ministers, has its source, not in political experience, nor in political theory at all, but in a belief that much harm has been done, and many strikes caused by Trade Unions giving votes to lads of eighteen. I am not going to defend that, and you, sir, do not rely upon it, or even mention

it; but I do protest against its being used by others as an argument on the political franchise. Eighteen is not twenty-one; the proportion of young men in the State is far less than in a Trade Union; and General Elections do not come round so often as ballots on labor questions.

Many a young man dates his serious life from the time when he had to face his responsibility as a voter. You suggest that he votes with levity. Intense seriousness is often the characteristic of young men; and those who would vote with levity at twenty-three would not improbably vote from some narrow prejudice or selfish interest, at an older age. With our falling birth-rate and the longer endurance of life we need more and more the idealism and courage of such young people as are left to us. Should we not therefore encourage them to face their responsibilities at the age they have always looked forward to?—Yours, &c.,

ANEURIN WILLIAMS.

Hindhead, November 19th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I observe that a correspondent of The Nation last week advocates the raising of the age-limit for voters. Why not have a differentiation between the sexes in this matter, giving men the suffrage at twenty-four, say, and women at twenty-eight? This would help to allay the fears—groundless, no doubt—of opponents of women's suffrage and of some lukewarm supporters. It could, of course, be secured by a proper adjustment of ages that women's votes should not outnumber those of men. This argument of expediency apart, the arrangement seems not inequitable. For a woman's expectation of life is greater than a man's; and, beginning to wield the power of the vote later, she might still continue to do so for as long a period as the man.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. M.

November 20th, 1911.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Many of your readers will feel grateful to you for the last paragraph in your article on "Who Ought to Vote?" in your last issue.

The suggestion there made that under the new Reform Bill the age of political majority should be twenty-five instead of twenty-one is one that has been gaining favor with thoughtful politicians. Though, as democrats, we rejoice at the near prospect of the removal of property qualification for the franchise, we should not be unmindful of the possible danger of rashness and indiscretion in an electorate, so large a proportion of which will be inexperienced.

It is not at all necessary that we should take for granted, because we are going to discard the drag placed on legislation by property and vested interests, that we should not protect ourselves against risk by reasonable securities of

another kind.

These, so far as we can obtain them, should be the safeguards of developed character, matured intellect, and experience of life in its widest fields.

The exclusion from political life of four years of immature thought and experience would make the proposed extension of the franchise enormously safer; and, if adopted, there would be fair grounds for hoping that the stability of the State, so far from being diminished, would be more completely assured.—Yours, &c.,

HERBERT M. THOMPSON.

Whitley Batch, Llandaff, Cardiff. November 21st, 1911.

THE REFORM BILL AND WOMEN. To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In an article on November 18th, you tell us a Woman Suffrage amendment to the Reform Bill offers women a better opportunity than was afforded by the Conciliation Bill; may I ask how this can be so?

The Conciliation Bill united every Suffragist in the House of Commons; and if Mr. Lloyd George had not devised an amendment, which, by alienating the Moderates of all parties, left us only the minority of extremists, it would have become law.

An amendment to the Reform Bill will place us in exactly the same position, since, as Mrs. Pethick Lawrence pointed out—a view endorsed by her husband to-day in the

"Daily News"—the rejection of an amendment, whether introduced by a Cabinet Minister or not, does not even shake a Government in its saddle. There is nothing, therefore, to prevent the whole Irish party, on whom the Coalition depends, and any Moderate Liberals who feel so disposed, from walking out of the House, or actively opposing an amendment, against which, needless to say, every Conservative Suffragist will vote.

It is not "irreconcilable" to look facts in the face;

It is not "irreconcilable" to look facts in the face; and if adult Suffragists are, as you say they are, "full of hope," it is perhaps because their conscience is in need of a salve. Once more it has been left to women to defend their honor, and reply to a Government which, as you aptly put it, "flouts the claim sof Women Suffragists of all degrees" in the only way open to them.

In the memorable words of Mrs. Pankhurst, "if men

In the memorable words of Mrs. Pankhurst, "if men will not do us justice they must do us violence."

—Yours, &c.,

ETHEL SMYTH, Mus. Doc.

November 21st, 1911.

OLDHAM AND ELECTORAL REFORM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The Kilmarnock, Keighley, and Oldham by-elections compel consideration of the means by which the new Electoral Reform Bill must provide for the due representation of Liberal, Unionist, and Labor parties. In these elections, the voting was as follows:—

	KIL	MARNO	CK.			
Gladstone (L)		***	***	***	***	6,923
Rees (U)			***		***	4,637
McKerrell (La)				490		2,761
	Kı	EIGHLE	Y.			
Buckmaster (L)	***	***		440		4.667
Ackworth (U)	***	***	***		***	3,842
Anderson (La)	***	000	000			3,452
	0	LDHAM				
Denniss (U)		***				12,258
Stanley (L)	***	***	***		***	10.623
Robinson (La)	***	***	000	***		7.448

It will be observed that in each of these constituencies the successful candidate was returned by a minority of those taking part in the election. The Liberals won Kilmarnock and Keighley, and there was little comment. The Unionist party won Oldham, and one heard immediately in Liberal quarters demands for the alternative vote.

What, then, will be the effect of the alternative vote? In the first place, it is clear that the position of Labor voters, who failed to secure a representative, will not be improved. Indeed, their position throughout the country will be considerably worsened. In many constituencies in which at present the Liberal Party refrained from opposing Labor nominees, three-cornered fights may be expected, and Labor candidates may frequently find themselves in the same position which they occupy in the three by-elections mentioned above. Secondly, if the anticipations of Liberals are fulfilled, the Liberal candidates will, in situations similar to that of Oldham, win the seat with the aid of Labor voters.

The Liberal party would, therefore, appear to be well advised in pressing for the alternative vote. But what But what ground is there for supposing that the Liberal anticipations will be realised? Electoral experience affords no support for such an expectation. The failure of the Labor Party to secure adequate representation will give rise to much bitter feeling, and even were there a disposition on the part of both parties to co-operate, the antagonisms evolved during the course of the campaign, as was the case at Keighley, will produce a spirit of resentment which may affect disastrously the stability of our representative institutions. In similar conditions, Socialists in Belgium voted for Conservatives, "to keep the Liberal out." As a result, no party had any secure basis for its representation. The strength of a party within the legislative chamber depended, not upon its strength in the country, but upon the electoral tactics of other parties, the guiding spirit of which was sometimes only the bitterness of disappointed hopes.

The introduction of the alternative vote will inaugurate a similar era of unstable representation and inter-party bitterness in our own political life. When three organised parties have entered the political arena, the only possible way of preserving stability and sincerity to representative institutions is to provide for the representation of those parties in

proportion to their strength.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS, Hon. Sec., Proportional Representation Society 179, St. Stephen's House, Westminster Bridge, S.W. November 15th, 1911.

THE DEAN'S DEFENCE. To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,-In his reply to his critics, Dean Inge contrasts himself with "more popular ecclesiastics, who can always shout with the largest crowd." Surely this is the final word in Pharisaic self-deception, for shouting with the largest crowd is just what the Reverend Dean is doing. The Church of England to-day is entirely an upper and middle-class Church, in the sense that these classes alone have the loaves and fishes in their gift, and to them alone belongs the power of penalising opinions in the Church. Well does Dean Inge He also knows that in uttering what Mr. Chesterton justly calls his "heathen nonsense," he is telling his upper and middle-class mob the very things they want to hear. Well he knows the chorus of approval with which that class will greet his pronouncement. Well he knows that, as far as power goes, he is shouting with the largest crowd. We have had more than enough of this cant. If a parson comes out on the side of the people, he is sneered at as a chaplain to King Demos, as though he were flattering those who are his masters. As a matter of fact, King Demos in the Church has no more power of rewarding his champions than King Log. As well might one sneer at an anti-vivisectionist doctor for being on the side of the animal majority, and being a servile tool of rabbits and guinea-pigs. Dean Inge is no fool. He knows perfectly well that the working class he slanders count for nothing-have no power in the Church to-day; they are not even a minority. the point of view of power, they simply do not exist. There is only one crowd to shout with, and that is the upper and middle-class lot who have captured the Church. all this, Dean Inge poses as a martyr for truth, fighting against overwhelming odds, with his back to the wall. At least, if I am wrong, doubtless the powerful democratic body of the workers in the Church will exert their strength in having the Dean deprived of his office for his apostasy, and London will be electrified by the sight of the deposed Dean descending the steps of St. Paul's, attended by a few weeping duchesses. But I hae ma doots!—Yours, &c.,

Holmwood, Bedford Park. (Rev.) John A. Grant.

November 21st, 1911.

"THE NATION" AND THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,-Will you allow a Liberal, who is also a churchman, to ask you for a less contemptuous attitude towards the Church of England in The NATION? The climax of a long series of insults is reached in last week's article, "The Spirit that Denies." On the basis of Dr. Inge's singularly unrepresentative utterances, the writer points the finger of scorn at "a self-desecrating and a practically atheist Church." I venture to call this the climax, because you will hardly find any language that will wound more deeply or be more undeserved. We Liberal Churchmen look in vain to The Nation for a generous or appreciative word, even when we are trying to remove abuses. You might have lent your powerful support to the vigorous attack on the scandals of patronage by another Dean (Dr. Fay) in a University sermon, preached and printed last week. You dismissed the report of the Archbishop's Finance Committee with a gibe at bishops' palaces. Why should you dishearten us, week after week? Are we not worth considering? Surely we may appeal to the leading Liberal weekly for a juster treatment.-Yours, &c., F. E. HUTCHINSON.

King's College, Cambridge. November 21st, 1911.

[We refer our correspondent to Mr. Grant's letter, but he is a little forgetful. We have made not one but a dozen appeals to the present Prime Minister and his predecessor to consider the interests of liberalism (with a small "1") in the Church of England .- ED. NATION.]

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,-Mr. Ivor Carnegie Brown has missed my meaning in a most extraordinary way. If I had ever said that Physical Force had in it anything "intrinsically good," I should deserve to be removed (by Physical Force) to the nearest madhouse. Of course, I judge Physical Force as I do Moral Force-by the morality of the motive and the aim. But, says Mr. Carnegie Brown, "Suppose a State could stop an evil by either; will it imprison or will it persuade?" This is to slip again in exactly the same spot. If Moral Force only means persuasion, and if persuasion only means an appeal to reason and right feeling, then, of course, the question is ended because the question is begged. But all forms of Moral Force are not appeals to right reason; and frankly (if I were a despot driven to the alternative) I am not sure that I should feel more of a rascal if I imprisoned my enemies than if I bribed them with titles or deceived them with lies or ingeniously degraded them with counsels of despair. For the rest, of course, my critic's hypothesis is practically valueless, for it is a situation which never does in fact arise. A person threatened by Physical Force never is a person who would, with equal certainty, yield to Moral Force. If a man begins to rant and bully by a sick bed, it may be right or wrong to push him out of the room. But, certainly, a man thus proof against decency would be quite proof against per-

My main objection is very simple: I object to Peace and War being put in the place of Right and Wrong. If people vaguely associate Right with what is or looks people vaguely associate Right with what is or looks peaceful, and Wrong with what is or looks violent, they will be always grovelling before the vilest idol of mud— the God of the Things as They Are. I hear this on every side, and see it in every paper I open; and I trace it to the false moral theory which you and many other moderns lay down in this matter. Thus the papers only say about the prospects of a railway strike, "There are hopes of Peace," or "The outlook is somewhat brighter." They do not mean that the men will get recognition or better wages, or anything upon which the struggle turns; they merely mean that there will not be a struggle. Few, even of the most Radical sheets, say so much as once what they ought to be saying day and night: that the refusal of masters to treat with Trades Unions at all was, and is, a piece of flatly immoral impudence; and that unless that attitude is smashed by a men's strike or a masters' surrender, we shall all be celebrating the triumph of a lie.

But I can give a concrete instance, if you like. I see that the Rev. R. J. Campbell-that very modern personurged that there is something to be said even for the muchabused American Trusts, because at least they prevent competition and conflict. This view was also well embodied by the fashionable young gentleman in "Little Dorrit," when his yet more fashionable mother had seized five or six rooms belonging to other people. "Lady particularly anxious — No Row."—Yours, &c.,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

November 22nd, 1911.

"THE VILLAGE TRAGEDY."

To the Editor of THE NATION. Sir,-Mr. Lynam, in his thoroughly good-tempered letter of last week, argues that a book, if it is to interest boys under fourteen, must not be "impartial," and asks someone to write an English history with a "Radical bias," which his boys can read in alternate years with Mr. Fletcher's book. On the Irish question, for instance, such a history ought, I suppose, to contain statements deliberately placed as far to the left of the verdict of an impartial historian as Mr. Fletcher's statements (quoted by Mrs. Green in the "Westminster Gazette" of November 13th) are to the right of it. This seems to me a counsel of despair. write a history which is both reasonably fair and interesting to children is not easy; but I can imagine that the late Mr. F. W. Maitland, for instance, if he had tried to do so, might have succeeded. Meanwhile, however, it is Mr. Fletcher's book which is in question, and I still think that its general use in schools attended only by children from that class whose shallowest prejudices it so accurately repro-

duces would be educationally unwise.

Mr. Acland Hood points out that when I said that "those who pay wages" gain when prices rise and wages are stationary, I ought to have explained that I meant the agricultural or industrial employers or shareholders, who live by profit, and not the men of fixed incomes who pay wages for domestic service, &c. Perhaps I ought.

Mr. J. H. Robertson asks me how I defend the belief, which I ascribed for the purpose of argument to Mr. Fletcher, that a rise in agricultural prices, produced by a tariff, would be a good method of bringing about a rise of agricultural wages. I thought I made it clear that I myself believed that it would be a very bad method.—Yours, &c.,

GRAHAM WALLAS.

November 20th, 1911.

"A REVIVAL IN ARDGLASS." To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—I have read Mrs. J. R. Green's account of the "Revival" at Ardglass with great interest. I became well acquainted with the whole locality during my long residence in Ireland, and, unless I am much mistaken, the Mr. Bigger who has effected this "Revival" is my old colleague of the Belfast Naturalists' Field Club. Any work that rouses the people of Ireland (or any other country) to an interest in the past of their land and people is a good thing. The opportunity at Ardglass seems to have been a unique one. It is a little curious though that it should have occurred at so purely an English town (or village) as Ardglass, reached, one may say, by a "Balfour railway," the only one in the East of Ireland. It became an English station in the twelfth century. The English found it, the English made it, the English held it—at least with one or two intervals—till the quieter times when we all became one nation. Then possibly the dispossessed Magermises, and other Irish septs, drifted back, and gradually supplanted the Jordans and Russells and other original English settlers.

Ardglass and its "castles" are an interesting relic of the time when the English garrisoned the whole seaboard of the county Down, not against assault from the sea, but as a protection for their sea "base" from the land, where a whole mass of wild mountains cut them off from the English pale and Dublin. Outside of Ardglass, however, there are many truly Celtic remains. The ruined medieval church close by is of a mixed character. But the old church three miles off, at St. John's Point, is one of the mest interesting pre-Norman churches in Ulster, built before the knowledge of the arch in Ireland. So is the not-much-further-off Raholp, built with clay instead of mortar. Three or four miles off also is one of the finest stone circles in Ireland, and some pre-historic stone-lined graves of the

urn-burial period.

Close outside Ardglass, too, is a very interesting souter-

rain, or underground residence or refuge.

It is this composite character that forms one of the interests of this district of Lecale; but Ardglass can scarcely be described as an "Irish" town in the sense that Cashel, for instance, can.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. LOCKWOOD.

Hambleton Terrace, York.
 November 23rd, 1911.

"SOME TUDOR PORTRAITS." To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—Many thanks for your handsome review of my book, "The Sisters of Lady Jane Grey." You seem to think, however, that I have not examined closely all the private sources of information concerning the two unfortunate ladies Katherine and Mary Grey; whereas, as a matter of fact, I have been through literally hundreds of private and other documents of the period, including all those of the Historical Research Society which are in the British Museum. But although such a small item as the very interesting incident you mention concerning the presence of Lady Katherine and her husband-to-be at Hoby's house on the night of Amy Robsart's death, may have escaped me, I was unable

to find anything of importance beyond what I have incorporated in my work in any of the documents I examined; a fact which leads me to believe that the Lady Katherine at least had greater facilities for personal intercourse with her husband than she had for epistolary communication with the outside world; hence the appearance on the stage of the two "brats" of Lady Katherine—as Elizabeth was pleased to call them—and the otherwise somewhat ominous silence, in private as well as public archives, anent either of the two sisters.

I must say that I was greatly pleased to notice your reference to Miss Agnes Strickland. In any other country, this eminent woman would have been honored with a public monument, for she was not only a great historian, but she was the first to use what the French call "le document humain," otherwise the "private document," in her historical works, which documents have proved of so much value in bringing the subjects of historical biography nearer to our own times. Surely we have a greater sympathy for Lady Katherine Grey, with her parrots and her "monks"—or monkeys—than we should otherwise have felt had we not heard from Miss Agnes Strickland of the existence of this interesting and personal fact! One touch of nature, we know, makes all the world kin.

The mis-statement with respect to the date of Jasper of Hatfield's death is obviously one of those printers' errors, a mis-placed figure (1456 for 1495), from which, if I err not, even works of reference such as the "Dictionary of National Biography" are not wholly exempt.—With many thanks, Yours, &c.,

Palazzo Vendramin Calergi, Grand Canal, Venice. November 15th, 1911.

"TITTERS ABOUT SHELLEY."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—May I ask what is the point of your reviewer's exclamations at my use of the expression, "genre barmaid"? It merely means "belonging to the barmaid genus." It is not only perfectly correct French, but perfectly ordinary French; whereas your reviewer's own expression, "infected by the company of the genre barmaid" is as little French as it is English.

I never make any complaint of reasonable criticism; but it is a little unjust that I should be attacked with this violence because my critic has (if I read his mind aright) mistaken the substantive genre for an adjective.—Yours, &c.,

Francis Gribble.

 West Kensington Mansions, W., November 15th, 1911.

P.S.—Or has your reviewer in his mind, perhaps, some irrelevant recollection of the expression "genre painting"? In either case he has blundered badly.—F. G.

Poetry.

LITTLE JULIE.

(A Picardy Folk-Song).

- "Monsieur Le Cure, will you marry me?"
 "First find a husband, little Julie."
- "Monsieur le Curé, no lover comes nigh; If soon he comes not, sure I shall die."
- "Little Julie, set thy heart at rest:
 If thou die, we will bury thee with the best."
- "Monsieur le Curé, on my poor bier Will you shed for little Julie a tear?"
- "Little Julie, at thy burying I cannot weep, for I must sing."
- "Monsieur le Curé, what is the song
 You will sing as I go to my grave along?"
- "Little Julie, my song that day Will be 'Requiescat in pace,'"

R. L. G.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT. THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:-

mend to the notice of our readers:—
'Memoirs and Letters of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Morier,
B. (1826-1876)." Edited by his daughter, Mrs. Rosslyn
syss. (Arnold. 2 vols. 32s. net.)
'Letters of George Borrow to the British and Foreign Bible
sty." Edited by T. H. Darlow. (Hodder and Stoughton. G.C.B. Wemyss

"Lectures on Poetry." By J. W. Mackail. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England." Vol. II. By A. D. Greenwood. (Bell. 10s. 6d. net.) "My Royal Clients." By Xavier Paoli. Translated by A. T.

"My Royal Clients," By Kavier Paoli. Translated by A. T. De Mattos. (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. net.)

"Life and Letters of John Lingard, 1771-1851." By Martin Haile and Edwin Bonney. (Herbert and Daniel. 12s. 6d. net.)

"Iris Recollections." By Justin McCarthy. (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages." By Sidney Heath. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Roses and Rose Gardens." By W. P. Wright. (Headley.

"Roses and Rose Gardens." By W. P. Wright. (Headley. 12s. 6d. net.)

"The Forged Coupon, and Other Stories and Dramas." By Tolstoy. Edited by Dr. Hagberg Wright. (Nelson. 2s. net.)

"Lafcadio Hearn: L'Homme et L'Œuvre." Par Joseph de Smet. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3 fr. 50.)

"Florence." Par Camille Mauclair. (Paris: Fontemoing. 30 fr.)

"Souvenirs de Ch. de Freycinet." (Paris: Delagrave. 7 fr. 50.)

"Contes et Fantaisies." Par Emile Gebhart. (Paris: Bloud. 3 fr. 50.)

THERE are some authors-Borrow, Peacock, Walton, and Landor are examples-who, while holding a secure place in English literature, appeal with especial force to a relatively restricted circle of readers. Jane Austen is one of these, and her admirers will welcome a pleasant essay which Dr. A. C. Bradley contributes to the volume of "Essays and Studies" by members of the English Association, just published by the Clarendon Press. (We may mention, in passing, that the volume contains two other essays of interest and value: "The Literary Play," by Mr. C. E. Montague, and "Richardson's Novels and their Influence," by Professor Boas.) Dr. Bradley disclaims any ence," intention of adding another to the estimates of Jane Austen's The faithful, he says, like comparing notes, and Dr. Bradley's notes are both informing and suggestive.

"Among the faithful," says Dr. Bradley, "there is a disposition to regard 'Pride and Prejudice' and 'Mansfield Park' as rivals for the first place, and to quarrel over them with some heat." The former has more animation and sparkle; the latter is better planned, and the characters are developed with a more subtle art. If, of all the novels, "Mansfield Park" "gains the most from repeated study," Fanny Price is far less attractive than Elizabeth Bennet in "Pride and Prejudice," "as delightful a creature as ever appeared in print," according to Jane Austen's own estimate. But we may ask with Dr. Bradley: If there is a best novel at all, are we so sure that it is not "Emma"? the strongest plot, and it has given us Mr. Woodhouse. We cannot refrain from quoting what Dr. Bradley calls "the severest thing" Mr. Woodhouse says in the story. It was said of Frank Churchill to the young man's stepmother:

*

"That young man (speaking lower) is very thoughtless.

Do not tell his father, but that young man is not quite the
thing. He has been opening the doors very often this evening, and keeping them open very inconsiderately. He does not think of the draught. I do not mean to set you against him, but indeed he is not quite the thing."

Ir Mr. W. Arthur Young had given the labor he has expended on "A Kipling Dictionary," recently published by Messrs. Routledge, to a similar volume on Jane Austen or some other author of classic rank, he would have done a better service to literature. There are many reasons why Mr. Kipling should not be chosen for a book of this sort. First of all, he is still living and working, and it is probable that in a few years the book will be out of date. Even as it is, Mr. Young has to tell us in his preface that since the

dictionary was compiled "three new titles have been published and are included here, but not in the body of the Moreover, there is as yet no general agreement that Mr. Kipling is to be classed among our great writers, and it is absurd to join him with Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott, the other authors included in the series. And what is the value of such information as that Abana and Pharpar are nicknames for Harrison and Craye, that a Turkish patrol takes a part in "The Masque of Plenty," or that there is a reference to Mother Carey in the "Anchor Song"? We do not wish to disparage Mr. Young's research. He has made a close study of Mr. Kipling's work, and arranged his material in a form that is easily accessible. But we regret that so much energy and labor was not better em-

It is true that Mr. G. H. Mair, in a volume on "Modern English Literature," issued in the "Home University Library," speaks of Mr. Kipling's "discovery" of India as "one of the salient facts of modern English letters." This is an unfounded claim. If any English writer of the nineteenth century is to be credited with the discovery of India, it is Captain Meadows Taylor, whom Mr. Mair does not mention. "Tara" and the "Confessions of a Thug" display intimate knowledge of the castes, races, and habits of the Indian population, as well as a power of picturesque description. An article on "The Anglo-Indian Novelist" in the "Edinburgh Review" for October, 1899, makes it quite clear that Mr. Kipling is not the literary discoverer of India.

Mr. Mair's little volume is fresh and independent, but there are one or two other points in which he seems to us to have allowed his own predilection to carry him too far. Why should Mr. George Moore's services in transplanting French naturalistic methods into English fiction entitle him to more space than is given to both Meredith and Mr. Hardy, while George Gissing and Mr. Arnold Bennett are barely Meredith is classed as the greatest of the later mentioned? Victorians; but the very inadequate treatment accorded him is a serious defect in the book. Again, the estimate that Mr. Moore's "A Mummer's Wife" is "one of the supreme things in English fiction" will be accepted by few critics. Is not "Esther Waters" in every way a greater book? Mr. Mair thinks the Irish School of Drama is already in its decline, but that in its brief and striking course it produced one great dramatist-J. M. Synge. Synge "got down to the elemental forces which throb and pulse beneath the common crises of everyday life," and though his work is deficient in "ideas," if we use the word of current views on society and morality, "this very deficiency brings him nearer to the great masters of drama-to Ben Jonson, to Cervantes, to Molière, even to Shakespeare himself."

GROTE is a standing example that classical learning and banking are not incompatible, and Mr. James Loeb, of New York, is another banker who has published several books on classical subjects. Mr. Loeb has now provided funds for the publication of a library of Greek and Roman classics, with English translations, which promises to be of great value. Mr. T. E. Page and Dr. W. H. Rouse are to be general editors of the series, and twenty volumes are to appear next year, through Mr. Heinemann in this country and the Macmillan Company in the United States. Each volume will contain the Greek or Latin text, an English translation on the opposite page, and a biographical introduction. The plan of the library was suggested to Mr. Loeb by Professor Salomon Reinach, who pointed out the need for scholarly and critical translations of the minor Greek and Latin authors, and those of the later periods.

A FRENCH JOURNAL, "Excelsior," has recently conducted an inquiry among men of letters as to which was the best French novel. Three living authors were mentioned in the replies received: M. Elémir Bourges for "Les Oiseaux s'envolent et les Fleurs tombent," M. Anatole France for "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque," and M. Rosny ainé for "La Vague Rouge."

Reviews.

MR. TRENCH'S POEMS.

"Lyrics and Narrative Poems." By Herbert Trench. (Hodder and Stoughton. 5s. net.)

It is interesting to notice how, in current small talk about the arts, a phrase that has an air of wisdom about it gets taken up into common use and repeated out of all significance. To say that poetry to-day is remarkable for its technical achievement and its poverty of substance suggests a knowledge of contemporary work, some care in its analysis, a mental alertness, a point of view. It has an air of wisdom, so it has become a by-word in the mouths of a number of critics, professional and amateur, who have not thought about the matter at all, and yet are unconscious of the fact that they echo each other. They gaily deceive themselves, but are perfectly sincere in the deception. For deception, of course, it is. Were the pronouncement true, poetry would be in a hopeless case; whereas, in reality, it is full of promise. Marked technical proficiency without substance of value can mean but one thing-the facile imitation of an old manner without the impulse out of which such manner was shaped. There are at all times certain strange beings who occupy themselves in such imitation at the expense of very considerable skill. To-day we still have industrious folk who pipe their Tennysonian and Swin-burnian music with quite striking ingenuity, being fascinated merely by the exercise, and wholly unaware of the impulse that created this music on the lips of their masters. But to suppose that they are anything but a negligible quantity in the poetic activity of the time can only be due to profound ignorance of what the time is doing. Our poets are shaping in their imagination a wealth of vital meditation and curiosity, but they have not yet evolved finally their method of utterance. Broadly speaking, the present state of poetry is that of imaginative impulse not yet sufficiently equipped with technique, of substance without form.

Distinction of form, of course, does not necessarily mean the creation of a new technique, but mastery of technique, a perfect correspondence of manner to matter. A great new poem may be written to-morrow in heroic couplets. Curiously enough, however, there is to-day a marked revolt in poetry against old forms, which will, we think, exhaust itself when the revolutionaries recognise that the old forms are really the most fitting, so long as the poet can impress them with his own personality. The blank verse of Mr. Yeats is built upon the same general principle as Milton's, yet it is as distinctly his own vehicle as was Milton's exclusively his. The uncertainty into which some of our finest contemporary poets have fallen in this matter is strikingly illustrated in this collection of Mr. Herbert Trench's poems. Mr. Trench has in him the root of all poetry-passion; the faculty of feeling and perceiving passionately, of being in his relation to life intensely himself, unmodified by hearsay and formulæ. That, after all, is the poet's supreme distinction-to be himself. Most people are full of echoes and reflections, accepting rather than adventuring, and substituting compromise for caprice and individuality. They have no eagerness, whilst the poet is all eagerness. Mr. Trench has, too, a very full power of varied and beautiful expression; but it is at this point that the uncertainty is evident. He understands the essential fitness of the tried forms, and employs them. But, remembering that these forms have been abused, that in the hands of tricksters their music has been debased and robbed of life, he is distrustful of them and seems constantly to be holding himself in check in their use and doing them wanton damage, just to show that he is not wholly in subjection to them:-

"Was it ice-floe in the sheeted foam
Ambushed her? or some ledge
Of false lights—or uncharted reef—
Broke her back upon its edge.

"Perhaps even she was seized at last Off some island precipice With weariness, like man's weariness Of everything that is,

"And stranded so till the fresh flood,
That through the channel swings,
Crumbled that side like a sea-cliff,
As one crumbles little things."

It would be absurd to suppose that Mr. Trench places these difficulties in the structure of his lines otherwise than deliberately. He is determined that, at all costs, his verse shall never approach the mechanical jingle of the tricksters, and here we get, as in many other places in the book, a melody of very great beauty twisted and broken to no good purpose. By experimental adjustment of our sense of rhythm these lines can, indeed, be shaped into some sort of balance; but they trouble us in our reading without any due compensation. Mr. Trench's very real mastery of form is, in short, frequently threatened, because his own confidence in the mastery is not complete.

Save in these moments of uncertainty, however, he gives to his passion remarkable fitness of expression. The group of odes with which the book opens shows Mr. Trench, on the whole, to least advantage. There is a suggestion of commotion without depth of thought, though the "Requiem of Archangels for the World" and "On Romney Marsh at Sunrise" are completely successful, and we find memorable lines and images in nearly all, such as:—

"The sheep-lit pastures ran for miles, With distant villages for isles . . . "

and

"Here at the tempest's core is that windless zone

things which may be coupled with others later in the volume, such as:-

"And Saturn in his most of moons,
Glass'd in unsounded night . . ."

and the extraordinarily fascinating refrain of "The Old Anchor Chanty":—

"With a long, heavy heave, my very famous men."

The lyrics that follow the odes have a finer impulse and a greater clarity. Occasionally, as in the first fifteen lines of "The Shepherd," there is still too obvious a labor, a reluctance to say a simple thing simply, but immediately afterwards Mr. Trench can write:—

"Or I, a shepherd, am in Thessaly:
And the twilight village cries, 'Hath he not come
On the last scented load of myrtle home?'
He sits in the great valley, green and still,
Blocked by the snow-capt mountain, and his sheep,
Tawny and dark, roam far, and crop their fill
In the wide pastures, by the river deep.
His wandering fingers teach the stops at will,
Melodies cool as water, soft as sleep";

which is sufficient evidence of his excellence. It is, however, in the narrative poems, "Deirdre Wedded" in which, by the way, he substantially repeats the last of the lines just quoted—"The Queen of Gothland," and "Apollo and the Seaman" that Mr. Trench attains his most distinctive achievement. Except for a curious weakening in imaginative purpose at the end of the last-named, and the occasional lapses of form of which we have spoken, these poems are magnificent in their conception and their fashioning. "Deirdre Wedded" sets Mr. Trench very high among the poets of his age; we believe that it will come to set him high among the poets of any age. And, until the close, Apollo and the Seaman" is of equal excellence. In writing of Mr. Trench's work we have had in mind the highest standards; if we have pointed to weaknesses, we recognise that they are conspicuous only by reason of being composite with great power. At his least successful moments, Mr. Trench is still a poet of rare faculties; at his best, he speaks with the only true authority.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

"'Hail and Farewell'!: A Trilogy. I. Ave." By George Moore. (Heinemann. 6s.)

Mr. George Moore as an Irish Messiah is not a particularly convincing figure. It was, none the less, in obedience to some kind of Messianic "call" that he hurried over to Dublin to put himself at the head of the O's and the Macs when the Boer war made life in England intolerable. "Of this I am sure," he insists, "that the words 'Go to Ireland' did not come from within, but from without." And he tells us further how, as he sat waiting one decisive evening for the divine voice to speak to him again, it was suddenly borne in upon him that "the Messiah Ireland was waiting for was

in me, and not in another." That is as far as the present instalment of his last book brings us. How Mr. Moore fared on his mission, his sufferings and successes, and no doubt some of the sins that did most easily beset him, the bursting of his bubble dreams, the ultimate flight from an Ireland that was still for the most part ignorant of his name—these things remain to be chronicled in two further

When the "Hail and Farewell!" trilogy is complete, this, with the "Confessions of a Young Man" and "Memoirs of My Dead Life" will make altogether five volumes of confessions from the author. The three volumes already published incline us to doubt whether there was ever any other writer who confessed so much and so often and revealed so little. Mr. Moore confesses everything except himself. His confessions, indeed, are little more than painted masks—some with a flippant misdirection of the eye or framing of the lips-whose sole purpose can be to conceal the grave and physicianly spirit of the man who imagined "Esther Waters." If it were not for "Esther Waters," "Esther Waters." If it were not for "Esther Waters," one might be disposed to believe that there was nothing of Mr. Moore but mask. But "Esther Waters" excels in its intimacy; it is the fruit of quiet consideration and pity and half the virtues. When the author of such a book publishes confessions that are for the most part a recurring grimace, we are forced to speculate whether, after all, he may not be an uncomfortably shy man, who makes faces out of sheer nervousness. And Mr. Moore himself seems to suggest this explanation of much of his later art. "Within the oftentimes bombastic and truculent appearance that I present to the world," he writes, "trembles a heart shy as a wren in the hedgerow, or a mouse along the wains-cotting." It is as though a sudden ray of light thrown It is as though a sudden ray of light thrown on Punch showed us a pathetic instead of a comic figure.

It is as a punchinello Messiah that Mr. Moore exhibits himself in the present volume. He recalls Punch even in the little songs of self-praise which he interjects as he hugs his stick before bringing it down with a crack on the head of some new victim. In "Memoirs of My Dead Life" he was a punchinello Romeo. How he smirked at us ne was a punchinello Romeo. How he smirked at us between the paragraphs and said, "What a bad boy am I!" "There are three kinds of men," said a Dublin lady, after reading the "Memoirs"; "those who kiss and tell, those who kiss and don't tell, and George Moore, who doesn't kiss but does tell." This, we are sure, is a libel on a highly conscientious constable of Cupid; but it suggests something of that atmosphere of make-believe which hangs about all Mr. Moore's autobiographies. Mr. Moore puts truth itself in a puppet-house of make-believe. How unreal to the point of caricature, for instance, is the exquisite narrative of his sudden discovery in the middle of the Boer War that he was not an Imperialist but a Pro-Boer! He had been in the West of Ireland a little while before, and he used then to walk two Irish miles a day for a news-"so anxious was I to read of a victory for our solpaper, "so anxious was I to read of a victory for our sol-diers." He had been so Imperial in his thoughts that he used even to argue with his friends that "to raise an army of seventy thousand blacks would be a fine trick to play upon the Boers." On his return to London, after long talks with Mr. Yeats on nationality in literature, and after undertaking to show his cousin, Mr. Edward Martyn, how to write an Irish play, a startling change occurred. "It seemed an exquisite joke"—such is Mr. Moore's account of the event-"to voice Ireland's woes" in the play "until one day I stopped in Ebury Street, abashed; for it was not a victory for our soldiers that I desired to read in the paper just bought from the boy who had rushed past me, yelling, 'News from the Front,' but one for the Boers." That was the first indubitable miracle leading up to the Moore Messiahship. At first, Mr. Moore could not believe that out of "the wreck and rubble" of his more familiar self this transformed, transfigured self had arisen.

"It could not be that the old self that had worshipped pride, strength, courage, and egoism should now crave for justice and righteousness, and should pause to consider humility and obedience as virtues, and might be moved to advocate chastity to-morrow. Such a thing could not be."

In order to reassure himself, Mr. Moore communed that evening, not with his soul, but with his looking-glass. But even his looking-glass could give him no aid.

"I wandered across the room to consult the looking-glass, curious to know if the great spiritual changes that were happening in me were recognisable upon my face; but the mirror does not give back characteristic expression, and to find out whether the expression of my face had changed I should have to consult my portrait-painters—Steer, Tonks, and Sickert would be able to tell me. And that night at Steer's, after a passionate protest against the wickedness and the stupidity of the Boer War, delivered across his dining-table, I got up and walked round the room, feeling myself to be unlike the porwalked round the room, feeling myself to be unlike the ratis they had painted of me, every one of which had b done before the war.

All this, and there is plenty more of it, is sufficiently dexterous and lime-lit nonsense-nonsense such as many another clever Anglo-Irishman (Wilde and Mr. Shaw, to name two) has turned to in peril of neglect or as a protest against the impersonality of English life. It is not when he is fooling about himself, however, that Mr. Moore is best worth watching. When he is fooling about himself he does so with a jester's bauble in his hand. When he fools about other people—especially Mr. Yeats, Mr. Martyn, and most of the leading figures in the Irish literary revival-he carries a scalpel. His portrait of Mr. Yeats is a masterpiece of bland belittlement. Its actuality as far as it goes makes it one of the most effective caricatures in modern literature. True, Mr. Moore nearly spoils his atmosphere in the beginning by a touch of vulgarity when he recalls how he at first refused to be introduced to Mr. Yeats, who looked like "an Irish parody of the poetry that I had seen all my life strutting its rhythmic way in the alleys of the Luxembourg Gardens, preening its rhymes by the fountains, excessive in habit and gait." "No, no," was his protest to the friend who wished to bring about the introduction, "to speak to him 'would make me 'eave,' if I may quote a girl whom I heard speaking in the street yesterday." Wherever Mr. Yeats is mentioned in the book, even when he is praised for his enchanting talk and his skill as a dialectician, there is usually a scratch somewhere in the offing. Yeats!'—and, putting up my stick, I stopped the cab—'the man in the long black cloak, like a Bible-reader, coming out of the bun-shop,'" is the sort of ingenious sentence in which Mr. Moore enjoys "scoring off" those who were once his friends. His picture of Mr. Yeats during the speeches at the Gill banquet in honor of the Irish Theatre, however, 'my eyes went to Yeats, who sat, his head drooping on his shirt-front, like a crane, uncertain whether he should fold himself up for the night, and I wondered what was the beautiful eloquence that was germinating in his mind "is too delightful to quarrel with. Mr. Moore's comments, it will be guessed, on the personal appearance of his Irish contemporaries are frequently rude. The spice which flavors even his compliments may be judged from his remark on seeing Mr. T. W. Rolleston for the first time: "A noble head and shoulders. What a good tutor he would make if I had children!" In the case of the poet A. E. almost alone-" Here is the mind of Corot in verse and prose. . . . Here is the inspired hour of sunset"—does he praise a great Irishman greatly. Some-. . Here is the inspired hour of times his flouts are so wide of fact and even common-sense, that they hurt nobody. Take, for example, the reference to Mr. T. P. Gill-"Gill had been an active Nationalist-that is to say, he had driven about the country on outside cars, occasionally stopping at cross-roads to tell little boys to throw stones at the police." That is like the effort of a professional humorist suffering from overwork. But the virtues and the vices of Mr. Moore's style—freakishness joined to vulgarity in a sort of Siamese-twin union, delicate wit playing amid indelicate thoughts and words, insincerity of manner and sincerity in pursuit of that manner-may be best exemplified by quotation of a passage like that in which the author gives his first impression of the guests at the Gill banquet :-

"Seeing nobody who might amuse me, I returned to Gill to reproach him for not having asked his guests to bring their females with them.

dispensable, strings of pearls, hracelets, gowns. . . . "'Not an opera-hat among the company,' I muttered, 'and no one should be seen without one'; and, lowering my eyes, I noticed that I was among a still deeper disgrace. Some of the men had not taken the trouble to change their shoes. 'Perhaps they haven't even changed their socks,' and to pass the time away I began to wonder how it was that women could take any faint interest in men. Every kind seemed present: men with bellies and without, men with hair on their

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This seems to Mr. Henderson to follow inevitably from what he considers unassailable economic principles. principles, however, are the weakest portion of his case. Though avoiding almost entirely the scientific jargon of Marxian economics, he adopts its most dubious doctrines. Labor alone, "operating upon capital," creates wealth; the very capital on which it operates has been created by labor. The whole of the product therefore, by right of origin, belongs to labor. But the owners of land and capital can, and do, force labor to accept such fraction of the current product as suffices to keep it alive in the requisite efficiency to go on producing; all the "surplus," landlords and capitalists take for themselves in rent, interest, and profit, which payments represent no actual effort or other services on their part. This crude adoption of the doctrines of surplus-value and the "iron-law of wages," ruling out even the skilled work of administration and organisation as well as the forethought and restraint of the saving classes, violates the economic base of Mr. Henderson's case. Indeed, like many Socialists, he falls from time to time into an individualist view of the productivity of labor, as where (p. 19) he regards the shoe-operative as creating not merely the shoe, but the value of the shoe.

Once more we protest against economic doctrines which,

however plausible they may seem to a factory operative who only realises industry as labor-power, cannot commend themselves to thoughtful men with a wider view of the complex operations of body and mind which contribute to industry. Though the landowner is not a producer, the same cannot be rightly said of those who have built up capital out of their savings, even though those savings often represent excessive payments for professional skill or business administration. Nor can the salaries and profit taken by the enterprising class be put, as Mr. Henderson puts them, in analysing the existing system, on the same footing with rent.

We are sorry that these crude economics disfigure a book We agree that labor is deeply which has many merits. wronged in the terms of its bargaining for the use of the other requisites of production. We agree that social reform by way of mere regulation will ultimately be found inadequate to cope with the evils, and that large sections of highly-evolved industry must pass over from private into public enterprise. But even here the failure of Mr. Henderson to recognise that the concentration of capital is not pervasive throughout the industrial field, and that there is not equal urgency or equal feasibility for socialising all industries alike, is a decided weakness in his argument. an ingenious argument, containing a large element of truth, Mr. Henderson meets the usual objection that Socialism involves excessive officialism and over-elaborate inspection. The substantial reply is that most of this business of inspection is but a temporary thing, a necessary device for keeping a little clearance in the constantly-recurring muddle of life under private capitalism. Why do we need these inspectors? Because we do not ourselves control our own industry, our own housing, our own food supply. scramble for private profits is what leads to shady transactions, to adulteration, to shoddy sanitation, defective drainage, the sale of food unfit for human consumption, and all the rest of it." Taking it all in all, a very good and stimulating book!

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of Lear is undoubtedly Victorian. It dates from the 'sixties; the genial and romantic era of crinoline, "Sesame and Lilies, and the pun. Our spirits nowadays have shrunk with our skirts, and the taste for the nonsensical, the transcendental, and the romantic is fading from our lives. Change, as we know, is of the very essence of existence; and doubtless the day is not far distant when the "Book of Nonsense" will join company with the philosophy of the Absolute and the "Idylls of the King." Yet those who are so far moved from youth as to think of it with affection will ever cherish gratitude for the author of their earliest laugh.

Edward Lear was something else besides a jester, an artist, and a student; he was an incomparable . His correspondence with Lord Carlingford, Waldegrave, and a few others, breathe a others, spirit of warm-hearted affection, which is very charming to read. Covering a period of some twenty years, his letters are written chiefly from the South of France, where he spent the later part of his life in indefatigable artistic industry. Rest, he feels, will never be his:

"When shall we fold our wings, and list to what the inner spirit says—there is no joy but calm? Never in this world, I fear—for I shall never get a large North-light studio to paint in."

His health is bad, his spirits often flag; he is poor, and nearly always lonely. Yet, if the pathos that underlies all existence breaks through his letters occasionally, it is always restrained by an admirable kind of common-sense stoicism :-

"Meanwhile the park is much as it used to be thirty years ago, so that I shall go and walk among the deer as I did then; and so my one day of idleness will go by without much growling on my part. Nor does looking at places that I knew so well, and shall shortly cease to see, bring much regret; as I grow older, I, as it were, prohibit regrets of all sorts, for they only do harm to the present and thereby to the future. By degrees one is coming to look on the whole of life past as a dream, and one of no very great importance either if one is not in a position to affect the lives of others particularly. After which maundering I will stop."

And nonsense is seldom far away :-

"When the 300 drawings are done I shall sell them for £18,000; with which I shall buy a chocolate-colored carriage, speckled with gold, and driven by a coachman in green vestments and silver spectacles—wherein, sitting on a lofty cushion composed of muffins and volumes of the Apocrypha, I shall disport myself all about the London parks."

Gaiety of heart, as the French call it, never really fails him; and there is something in the trick of cracking jokes in adversity-particularly in that irremediable form of it known as old age-which compels respect. To make a pun at eighteen is an excusable weakness; at eighty it is a piece of heroism. The quality of the joke is nothing; the value is in the frame of mind. For even in the most tragic moment, a sane and courageous intellect may find occasion for laughter. Vespasian died in a jest. Heine, lying tortured on his mattress grave, flung his epigrams at the Omnipotent. And so we like to think of Edward Lear carrying his high spirits up to Heaven, proving that in the Infinite there is a place for nonsense, and disarming the King of Terrors with a joke.

A STORY OF FASCINATION.

"Tante." By ANNIE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. (Arnold. 6s.)

To begin a new novel by Miss A. D. Sedgwick is to feel stealing over one a pleasant glow of confidence in the author. One has learnt by experience that this admirable writer has a talent for conceiving and presenting a drama of human relationships which will reveal character in its most interesting aspects. It is true that blended with one's pleasure is annoyance that the novelist's literary craftsmanship is never of a fine, severe standard. Scores of passages in "Tante are faulty and redundant, and about a fourth of the matter could be pruned away with great advantage to the book. Miss Sedgwick, like the great majority of English novelists, pours out pages, paragraphs, and sentences with scarcely any idea of a telling economy of phrase. Could she develop, late in the day, a feeling for style, she might rank first among

our modern women novelists. At present, she is but one of the gifted.

The central figure, though not the heroine, is Madame Okraska, a great European pianist, the beautiful, imperious, and egoistic despot, who moves through the story amid a cloud of adulation, censed by her train of adoring friends. The relations of the great artist to her circle of sycophants, such as Miss Scrotton and Mrs. Forrester, who dispute jealously over scraps of her indolent drawn with delicious feminine humor. learn that the two intimates in her are old Mrs. Talcott, the "funny old scraps of her indolent favors, is Soon bodyguard old American woman" who has brought her up from childhood, and Karen, her own protégée, the calm, simple Norse girl. It takes a clever woman, of very subtle perceptions, to comprehend the delicate network of emotional bondage in which Madame Okraska has enmeshed the young girl's soul. Karen is her slave in heart and mind, and her allegiance is not impaired in any degree when the cool-headed hero, Gregory Jardine, an upper-class young barrister, appears, and woos and wins Karen with Madame Okraska's consent. The theme of the book is soon seen to be Gregory's struggle to open his young wife's eyes to Madame Okraska's insatiable self-love, which soon threatens to ruin his married happiness. The artist, who lives for the daily flattery and breathless homage of her own world, has taken a pronounced dislike to Gregory, and, in her despotic humor, re-enslaves Karen, to teach the man who has criticised her a sharp lesson. It is a battle royal between the pair, with a foregone conclusion, for Karen, with her girlish idealism, cannot see that Tante is spitefully trying to destroy her love for her husband, and all Gregory's actions and protests are construed by her as inspired by his jealousy of Madame Okraska's influence over her. The subjection of a young girl to a brilliant and seductive woman is generally ousted later by her love for the man she marries; but Karen has one of those conservative, simplehearted temperaments which so often go with a straitened intelligence. The analysis of the mutual dislike, turning to hate, between the stiff, honest, Philistine young Englishman, and the imperious and haughty Madame Okraska, is admirably done. The inevitable early misunderstandings between the young husband and wife soon grow inflamed, and develop into grave wounds, and Karen, true to her overlogical and ice-clear nature, declares that she cannot compromise, but must cut the tie of her marriage and return for good to her noble and great-souled Tante. Our women readers will divine that such beautiful devotion is the last thing that Madame Okraska is now desirous to be bored with! She has by this time, indeed, replaced Karen's adoration by the masculine homage of a new admirer in her train, Mr. Clarence Drew, a decadent poet and fashionable literary lion, who piques the pianist by a studied coolness of demeanor whenever she grows too jealously exacting. Madame Okraska has, indeed, reached the age when a woman clutches feverishly at the last love passion that nature designs to offer her. Mr. Drew is well aware of his power, yet so avid is he of emotional experiences that he is quite ready to transfer his allegiance from the ageing to the younger woman. There are several hints of Madame Okraska's rising jealousy, and then the tempest of her wrath discharges itself upon Karen's unoffending head, on an occasion when Mr. Drew, with his fervid declarations, has placed the young woman in a compromising situation. Karen hears herself called traitorous, perfidious, and designing, in her "pose of white, idiotic innocence," and this from the woman for whose sake she has left her husband.

At this stage of the story, wise old Mrs. Talcott comes to the front of the stage, and, through her confidences to Karen, we learn Madame Okraska's history, and are put in possession of all the facts for forming a judgment. "That's how it is," said Mrs. Talcott, "she's beautiful, and it kills most of us to find out how cruel and bad she can be. But I guess we can't judge people like Mercedes. When you go through life like a mowing-machine, and see everyone flatten out before you, you must get kind of exalted ideas about your-self. . . . She don't mean to be cruel; she don't mean to be bad; but she's a mowing-machine, and if you get in her way she'll cut you up fine and leave you behind. And the best thing you can do, Karen, is to get out of her way as The Posthumous Works of

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quick as you can." Karen, however, is too proud to go back to Gregory, who, she believes quite perversely, no longer loves her, and she steals away from "Les Solitudes," as Madame Okraska's country retreat is called, and hides herself, in sick misery, in a Hampshire village, and the last portion of the novel is taken up with the desperate efforts of Madame Okraska to re-discover and re-annex her prey, and of old Mrs. Talcott's efforts to re-unite the young married people. In the character of this wise, unconventional old lady, and her unworldly relations to the genius who has always spoiled her own and other people's lives, Miss Sedgwick has scored a triumph. Nothing could be better than the scenes between the pair, in the last of which Mrs. Talcott sums up her attitude to the pianist thus: "You're a bad, dangerous woman; but I guess I'm past feelin' angry at anything you can do. I expect you were born so, and I guess you can't change." The novel, indeed, rises to a higher artistic plane when Mrs. Talcott has once asserted herself; but it is curious that the clever author has allowed her pen to run on unchecked whenever Madame Okraska takes the stage, with her self-exculpations. There is a lack of fine drawing, indeed, in all the genius's speeches and letters to Karen. The peculiarly feminine falsity of her egoism is over-accentuated in many passages, to the point of caricature. It is a pity, for in essentials the psychological study of the great pianist's tragically despotic temperament is rich in insight. Miss Sedgwick, indeed, does not take seriously enough the need for an exacting technique in the art of the novel. She has become imbued, probably, with the comparatively low standard of her modern English rivals, and a short course of study of the masters of fiction would, as we have remarked before, soon lead to her work ranking in a higher category.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"The Leaves of the Tree: Studies in Biography." By A. C. Benson. (Smith. Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)

It is a pleasure to turn from Mr. Benson introspectively studying his own personality to Mr. Benson exhibiting "a little gallery of portraits," even though these should be portraits of men whom he has "known well enough to describe with some degree of personal vivacity," and "the effect of whose influence and character" he has "to some extent experienced." But even here Mr. Benson's personality and his own feeling are slightly too obtrusive. ome passages, notably one in the account of Bishop Westcott, that a proper reticence should not have allowed. On the other hand, if we except the sketch of Matthew Arnold, Mr. Benson has something fresh and interesting to say about those he describes. His portraits are, as he says, illustrative of character rather than mere records of personality. There are eleven studies-Bishop Westcott, Henry Sidgwick, J. K. Stephen, Bishop Wilkinson, Professor Newton, Frederic Myers, Bishop Lightfoot, Henry Bradshaw, Charles Kingsley, Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln, and Matthew Arnold. This profusion of bishops might have been expected from Archbishop Benson's son, and we feel the author is at his best when writing of clerical and donnish society. One or two of Mr. Benson's subjects are entitled to a permanent place in the history of English thought; but he writes about all of them as if, not merely their ideas and activities, but their very moods and emotions, were of capital import-However, the book is agreeable reading, and shows Mr. Benson to better advantage than his earlier volumes.

"Social France in the XVIIth Century." By Cécile Hugon. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

The century that passed between the Edict of Nantes and the death of Louis XIV. is, as Miss Hugon says, at once baffling and simple. The crowd of memoirs dealing with the upper-classes have given us precise ideas about one section of society. But, on the other hand, the great army of the poor has found few chroniclers, and details of their lives have to be sifted from a mass of heterogeneous material. Miss Hugon has essayed, with considerable success, to reconstruct the social life of France in this period. Beginning with a short historical introduction, she has chapters on the

Court, on housekeeping, on education and scholarship, Paris, the poor, and efforts made to improve their lot, country life, and religion, both in its orthodox forms and in its less conventional aspects, such as Jansenism and Quietism. This is an ambitious undertaking, and in less capable hands would have produced a dull book. But Miss Hugon writes in a style that is both easy and vivid. Parts of her book cover ground that has been often described, yet she manages to find something fresh and attractive to add to former descriptions. Her thorough study of the materials on which the book is founded deserves high praise. In addition to original sources, ranging from Saint Simon and Dangeau to Bossuet and Madame Guyon, she has mastered such contemporary works as Franklin's "La Vie Privée d'Autrefois," and M. Babeau's books on rural life, and on the artisans and domestic servants. Her book is, therefore, likely to become indispensable to every student of seventeenth-century French history. Its value is heightened by a good index, a chronological table of events from 1598 to 1715, and an excellent bibliography.

"Memories of Two Cities: Edinburgh and Aberdeen." By David Masson. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, 7s. 6d. net.)

The papers that compose this volume first appeared in "Macmillan's Magazine" in 1864-5. The late Professor Masson began to revise them for publication in book form, and that work has now been completed by his daughter, Miss Flora Masson. Professor Masson made his first acquaintance with Edinburgh seven years after Scott's "Hazel-eyed little Jeffrey" was still alive; the Non-Intrusion controversy was at its height; Chalmers was a power in the land; the reputation of the Edinburgh medical school was upheld by Abercromby; and De Quincey might be seen picking up bargains in second-hand bookshops. Two chapters are given up to Chalmers, and they give a vivid portrait of the man. As regards Chalmers's scholarship, Masson says: "All the Latin that Chalmers carried with him during his life might have been held in a teacup, while of Greek he had not more than would have gone into the smallest liqueur-glass." But in his third college-session Chalmers set forth with extraordinary energy on the task of learning how to write English. When he began, he could hardly spell correctly; but within two years he had formed the style that afterwards distinguished him. Another chapter "An Academic Trio," deals with Dr. David Welsh, Professor Wilson, and Sir William Hamilton; while yet another is devoted to Agostino Ruffini, a young Italian refugee, who made the movement for Italian independence known in Edinburgh. Masson's "Memories" will be welcomed by Scotsmen, and will also provide entertainment for readers south of the Tweed.

The Meek in the City.

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ALTHOUGH our commerce and manufactures are in a most flourishing condition, with unemployment exceptionally low, the Stock Exchange has been dull. The fact is that the reopening of the Morocco question, the renewed trouble in Persia, and the continuance of the war in Tripoli, have caused anxieties in the Foreign Market. The big Egyptian failure has also caused depression, and the period of cheap money will soon end. There is still some interest in Home and American Railways; but the depression in the Kaffir Market is worse than ever, thanks perhaps to the East Rand Report, and to a vague fear that similar impostures will be brought to light in other cases. Thursday's Bank

PHOSPHORUS STARVATION.

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THAT phosphorus is an absolutely necessary food for the health of the nervous system, most people know. What they do not know is that it is no less necessary for the health of the blood, a fact insisted upon by Sir William

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Return was a strong one, and it is now thought certain that we shall get through the winter without a rise in the bank

ITALY'S WAR EXPENDITURE.

The question of the cost of the war to Italy is beginning to attract attention from the standpoint of its possible effect upon markets. The original estimate of the Italian Government was two millions; but that, if I remember right, was the original cost of our own Afghan War, which Similarly, the cost finally came to over twenty millions. of the Boer War, as estimated by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was ten millions, whereas the total cost worked out at about 240 millions sterling. An Italian economist has recently expressed his opinion that the whole of Tripoli cannot be reduced at a less cost than forty millions. But most military authorities, going on the parallel case of Algeria, regard this as too optimistic, and consider that Italy cannot possibly hope to do more than secure the towns and cases on the coast. In New York, where there is an immense colony of Italians, who may possibly have some means of knowing, the cost of the war has been estimated at £250,000 per day, which would give between seven and eight millions sterling a month. A "Daily Telegraph" correspondent in Malta, telegraphing on Monday, stated that Italy had sent 80,000 soldiers to Tripoli, of whom about 15,000 were already dead, wounded, Telegraph" or sick. The same correspondent reckons the cost of the expedition, including Fleet and Army, and allowing for the fact that operations are 200 miles from their real base (involving an immense transport service), at half-a-million sterling a day. To this, from the international point of view, must be added the losses to the Moslems, damage to buildings and land in Tripoli, and the dislocation of business Making a heavy discount for the natural exaggerations of the correspondent, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that, even if the war were to come to an end during the next two or three weeks, fifty millions sterling of capital would have been destroyed. In its ultimate effect upon the markets and upon the rate of interest, this must obviously be worse than, let us say, a loan of fifty millions sterling issued by Russia for mixed purposes, railways, armaments, famine relief, &c. It would seem, therefore, that the war between Italy and Tripoli must have an adverse influence upon the Stock Exchange, and more particularly upon gilt-edged securities. It constitutes a strong additional reason for maintaining or increasing our own Sinking Fund, and for avoiding any further additions to the debt. I see that the Italian Government is mobilising another 25,000 men for the front, and claims that 80,000 men (excluding killed, wounded, and sick) are already in Tripoli.

THE ANTI-TRUST AGITATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

Messrs. J. H. Davis & Co., well-known brokers of Wall Street, in their November circular, deal with the United States Government's attack upon the Trusts, and describes the prosecutions undertaken by President Taft and Mr. Wickersham as "vote-coaxing Radicalism" and "political ghost-dancing." The circular then proceeds to the very startling task of letting out the truth in a paragraph on "The Root of the Trust Evil," from which it is refreshing to quote. It begins as follows: - "What the country seems to be losing sight of is the obvious truth that the root of the American Trust evil is the protective Tariff law. Trusts are effects and not causes. They are the direct outcome of the Tariff. The high prices by which they profit, and for which they are blamed, are the results of the prohibitive duties upon imports, without which such prices could not be maintained, no matter to what extent monopoly might be practised." In older countries, it is admitted, In older countries, it is admitted, over-population and the exhaustion of natural resources may raise the cost of living. So may wars and armaments. But the United States is still "under-populated," and its pro-ductive capacity is "as yet not half-developed." But "we have an artificial high tariff, and, in consequence, our cost of living is the highest in the world." But I must make further extracts from this document, which also gives a forecast of the coming Session of Congress: -

THE TARIFF AND CAPITALISATION.

"The Stablishment of the tariff, be it understood, was the work of those same moneyed interests who are now so widely condemned as promoters and beneficiaries of the trust system. It was their well-paid for influence, exerted through the Republican party. that resulted in the commitment of the nation to the protective tariff system whereby high prices are insured and monopoly fostered by the Government itself. In spite of the fact that possession of raw material of all kinds places the industries of the United States beyond all danger of foreign competition, "protection" was proclaimed to be the only possible safeguard of prosperity. It was with the tariff fetish that the American people were fooled. Now that they are discovering that they were fooled it is important that they should know where they made their first mistake. . . . It is relief from the high cost of living that the country demands, and the agitation should be, first of all, for tariff reduction. With that accomplished the trust question will take care of itself. Without it, neither prices nor monopoly will be controlled. It may be doubted that cheaper tobacco will result from the disintegration of the Tobacco Trust, but it is certain that it would follow the lowering of the tobacco duties. It is unlikely that steel products will fall much in price if the Steel Trust is dissolved, but no one will question that they would be materially lower if the duties on imported steel were reduced. Indeed, the proposition is so obvious that it admits of no argument. Lower the tariff and inflation will cease. Monopoly, extortion, excessive capitalisation, and high costs will disappear. Competition of the proper sort—that of America with the whole world—will be restored, and the natural development of our superior resources and of our commercial ability will follow." "The establishment of the tariff, be it understood, was restored, and the natural development of our superior resources and of our commercial ability will follow."

ACTION OF CONGRESS.

"It is because of our belief in the vital importance of the tariff question that we look forward to the impending session of Congress as likely to be productive of much good. Beyond "It is because of our belief in the vital importance of the tariff question that we look forward to the impending session of Congress as likely to be productive of much good. Beyond doubt there will be some revision downward. Naturally, this prospect is keeping the business community in a state of uncertainty, and is restricting trade for the time being. But what is lost by reason of hesitation now will be gained many times over later on. At the very beginning of the session the new Congress will be called upon by the President to consider the findings of his Tariff Board, which has been making exhaustive investigation of the cotton and wool schedules. It is likely that material reductions in both of these will result, and we are inclined to believe that the reasons for such reductions will be so clearly set forth in the Tariff Board's report that there will be prompt and general acceptance of them. Moreover, with some action on wool and cotton practically assured, it is not improbable that other schedules will be taken in hand for revision, and we are hopeful that some of them will be properly altered. In all likelihood, politicians masquerading as statesmen will be less bold than heretofore in their opposition to honest tariff revision, now that the country generally has displayed anger over the faithbreaking Payne-Aldrich law."

The subject is just now of such interest to traders and

The subject is just now of such interest to traders and investors in the American Market that I have thought it best to give these quotations at some length, as they have not appeared (so far as I know) in print on this side of the Atlantic. It is worth remembering that a reduced tariff must help the railways; and it is in the railways not in the Industrial Trusts of the United States that the British investor is chiefly interested.

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